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HUMOURS
OF
OXFORD.
A R
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
in DRURY-LANE,
By his MAJESTY's Servants.

By a Gentleman of *Wadham-College*.

— — — — — *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat Res--
Qui capit ille facit. Hor.

D U B L I N :

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For GEORGE RISK, at the *Shakespear's Head*,
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Dame's-street, M D C C X X X.

THE

HUMAN

OF

EXFORD

COMEDY



THEATRE

OF THE

ROYAL

ACADEMY

OF MUSIC

AND

DRAMA



TO HIS EXCELLENCY
P H I L I P
EARL of CHESTERFIELD,
Ambassador Extraordinary to the
STATES-GENERAL, &c, &c.

My LORD,

WHILST You are interesting Yourself in the Affairs, and for the Welfare of the Nation, and constantly attending the Debates of the most August Assembly in the World; it will be look'd on, I fear, as the highest Impertinence, to attempt to divert Your Lordship's Thoughts from such glorious Subjects, by intruding on you with such an insignificant Trifle as this: But in the vain Hopes that it may find some auspicious Hour to entertain Your Lordship in the

DEDICATION.

Study, I humbly beg leave to lay it before You.

And, indeed, an Attempt like this, to rescue the Stage from those mean and unmanly Representations it has lately been employed in; To bring Common Sense once more in Vogue, and to exhibit an Entertainment, which might be Diverting and Improving at the same time, without one Sentence which can possibly be wrested, either into Indecency or Prophaneness, stands in need of so powerful a Patronage as Your Lordship's: Tho' I must confess, had not the Approbation of the rational and unprejudiced Part of the Town stampt some kind of Value on this Piece, I should not have presum'd to offer it to You: And were not Your Candour and Good-nature so very well known, which I am confident will induce You to overlook and excuse the Errors and Imperfections of it, I should likewise have been afraid to submit it to Your Perusal. For Your Lordship is so well acquainted with Men and Manners, and so exquisite a Judge of every Character in Human Life, that there is no Chance for the least Misrepresentation of 'em to pass You unobserv'd.

It is Your Lordship's distinguishing Characteristick, that You are at once the greatest Poet, and most consummate Politician; manifest

DEDICATION.

manifest Indications that You are so happy as to Enjoy (Talents which are rarely known to unite in one Man) the finest Imagination, join'd to the most penetrating Judgment. I might here, my Lord, give both myself and Reader the greatest Satisfaction; if I would indulge the Inclination I have to enter a little farther into Your Lordship's Character; But as I am perswaded there is nothing more Irksome to You, than the mentioning of those shining Qualities which are so conspicuous in Your Lordship, and have made You the Delight and Glory of Your own Country, and the Admiration of every other in which You have appear'd, I shall give a Check to my Ambition, and trouble Your Lordship no farther than to subscribe myself.

Your Lordship's most Obedient

and most Humble Servant,

PRO-



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

A *Scrafty Lawyers, to acquire Applause,*
Try ev'ry Art to gain a doubtful Cause,
Pervert the Use of Words, and wrest the Sense of Laws;
So Authors try as many different Ways,
With artful Prologues, to secure your Praise.
One, with a soothing, supplicating Speech,
Humbly submits—and won't presume to teach;
By powerful Fees of Flattery hopes to gain ye,
And thinks with smooth-tongu'd Brib'ry to retain ye.
Another, bravely bids you bold Defiance,
And strives, by Storm, to force you to Compliance;
Damns the whole Town, as senselessly confin'd
To foreign Opp'ries—whilst perversely blind
To all the great Improvements of the Mind.

In such mean Ways our Author scorns t'engage,
To court your Favour, or defy your Rage:
Nor impudently palms upon the Town
His own coarse Wares, by crying others down.
He owns, each Land's with some Perfection blest;
And boasts some Art peculiar from the rest.
To other Nations single Blessings fall;
'Tis Britain's Glory, she enjoys 'em all.

PROLOGUE.

*Her native Fire with French Politeness grac'd,
Rome's ancient Liberty, and modern Taste.
And, as her Fleets thro' all the World are known,
Which make the Product of each Soil her own,
Her brave, and fair, encourage ev'ry Art,
Which smooth the Passions, or enlarge the Heart.
By foreign Arts your Tastes may be refin'd,
But home-bred Sense alone can feast a British Mind.*

*With such plain Fare our Author treats To-night,
And hopes at once 'twill profit and delight.*

*From Oxford Cells he brings a Group of Fools,
Unshown before—the Vermin of the Schools;
Not that he dares reflect the least Disgrace,
Or hint a Satyr on that sacred Place:
A Place that's founded on the noblest Views,
Parent of Arts, and Nurs'ry of the Muse:
That's truly great and good—but well you know,
In richest Soils the rankest Poisons grow;
At those he strikes—nor has he miss'd his Aim,
If you reward his bold Attempt with Fame.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

- Col. Trumore**, a Gentleman of Fortune and Sobriety, in love with, and following *Clarinda*. } *Mr. Mills.*
- Gainlove**, a young Fellow of ruined Fortune and dissolute Life, follows *Lady Science* to *Oxford*, with a View of marrying her for her Money,—but afterwards in Love with *Victoria*. } *Mr. Wilks.*
- Shamwell**, an *Irish* Fortune-Hunter, pretending to be a Lord; and following *Clarinda*. } *Mr. Bridgewater.*
- Haughty**, a Fellow of a College in *Oxford*, an imperious, pedantick, unmannerly Pedagogue; of a vile Life, and vicious Principles.—pretends Love to *Lady Science*. } *Mr. Harper.*
- Conundrum**, another Fellow of a College, a great Pretender to Learning, which he places in punning, quibbling, and playing on Words. } *Mr. Griffin.*
- Ape-all**, an *Oxford* Scholar, a trifling ridiculous Fop, affecting Dress and Lewdness, and a Contemner of Learning. } *Mr. Cibber.*
- Vice-chancellor** of the University. } *Mr. Wm. Mills.*
- Old Ape-all**, Father to *Ape-all*, a Country Gentleman. } *Mr. Roberts.*
- Timothy**, Servant to *Old Ape-all*. } *Mr. Norris.*
- Dash**, Drawer at a Tavern in *Oxford*. } *Mr. Oates.*
- W O M E N.
- Lady Science**, an old Lady, a great Pretender to Learning and Philosophy, which she places in using uncouth Words, and Terms of Art. } *Mrs. Porter.*
- Victoria**, her Daughter, bred up in the Country. } *Mrs. Booth.*
- Clarinda**, her Neice, a Lady of Fortune. } *Mrs. Oldfield.*
- Kitty**, an *Oxford* Jilt. } *Miss Rastor.*
- Wife to *Haughty*. } *Mrs. Grace.*
- Officers, Attendants, &c. **SCENE, OXFORD,**



THE
HUMOURS *of* OXFORD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Paradise Walks.*

Enter Gainlove, Repeating.

BUT above all, 't's ravishing to get
On calm Philosophy's exalted Seat;
Whence we may learn what Joys from Wisdom flow,
And see the Vanity of all below.

Humph—I am apt to suspect my Friend *Lucretius* wrote this with an empty Pocket; for I generally find my Philosophical Genius mounts in Proportion to the Weight of my Purse, as the Spirits in a Barometer do to that of the Air: And truly, I am more sublimely given to-day, than I much care for; I fear all is not right below—Let me see [*turning out his Pockets.*] Hah! a compleat Philosopher, by *Jove*; my last Splendid Shilling shines on my Back—However; there's some hopes Fortune may look on me now; for, like the World, it principally regards the Outside of a Man, and is too short-sighted to examine his Pocket, more than his Merit—

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rit.—Well, with all due Respect to my Mammy—I do verily believe—I am a Son of a Whore—I was certainly begot by some Star-gazer, Poet, or Projector, by my inheriting their—Just Nothing at all—

Enter Trumore.

Trumore! Good-morrow.

Tru. *Gainlove!* Why, what in the name of Magick has conjur'd you abroad so early? I thought nothing but Love, restless, wakeful Love——

Gain. Ay, ay, Love, Man—I am in Love, that's all.

Tru. 'Tis with the whole Feminine Gender then.

Gain. Why so?

Tru. Because you Free-livers can no more brook Confinement in your Amours, than Free-thinkers in their Principles; nor be brought to subscribe to Matrimony, than they to the Thirty-nine Articles—unless by the same *Primum Mobile*—Interest.

Gain. Not so fast, Sir; for 'tis with Things, the perfect Reverse of Woman, that I'm in Love—Nature and Regularity—What would you think if I should turn Philosopher, Ned?

Tru.—That your Brains were turn'd topsy-turvy, your Pockets in-side-out; and that you would speedily belodg'd either in the *Mint*, or *Moor-Fields*.

Gain. Say you so, Cousin Tom—then you and I shall be related; for I think there is no great Difference between a Philosopher and a Lover; only the first is the more reasonable Madman of the two: For 'tis easier to discover the Longitude, than the Situation of a Woman's Heart—and their Inclinations vary ten times oftner than the Weather-glass.

Tru. Ha, ha! but pr'ythee, how cam'st thou to stumble on Philosophy?

Gain. By stumbling into *Oxford*—this beautiful Place, where all the Charms of Art and Nature conspire, to entertain the Eye, and captivate the Heart.

Tru. The Place itself is really charming, but take it with the Company——

Gain. 'Tis like a fine Nursery, stock'd with Crabs.

Tru. Right!—for I have scarce met with a conversible Creature since I have been here—their fine Gentlemen are assuming Pedants, or awkward Fops; and their reigning

reigning Toasts—Taylors Daughters, and College Bed-makers.

Gain. A very pretty Corporation truly—Why, how the Duce came we amongst 'em?

Tru. Without a Miracle, *Charles*—Gilded godly Interest charm'd thee, and plain villanous Love dragg'd me. You follow'd the wealthy Lady *Science*, and I her Neice, the beautiful *Clarinda*.

Gain. And a hopeful Jaunt 'tis like to prove—For my Part, I am quite distanc'd; my old Goddess expecting much more Devotion, than she could promise herself from my Atheistical Notions of her Sex, has turn'd the Sun-shine of her Affections on a more implicit Adorer—*Haughty*, the Fellow of a College.

Tru. And my young One (insisting on a higher Title and more splendid Equipage than I can make her Mistress of, and being thoroughly acquainted with her own Merit, and the Strength of my Inclinations) treats me with so much spiteful Indifference, and laughing Insolence, that tho' I am never easy when I am from her, yet I am more afraid to face her, than I should a whole Regiment of *Prussian Grenadiers*.

Gain. I confess, *Ned*, I have often shook my Sides, to see how dexterously she has humbled that warlike Countenance of thine, 'till thou hast look'd more like a Pensioner of *Chelsea-Hospital*, than a Colonel of the Guards; and could'st be known to be an Officer, like the rest of thy Brethren, by nothing but thy Cockade, Ha, ha!

Tru. And thou art as malicious as she—S'Death! 'tis a sweet Life I lead, between my Mistress and Friend; one, like an unmerciful Rider, is continually spurring me 'till I am gall'd; and t'other, like a busy Fly, always playing on the Sore—You are a Quotidian Ague to me, both together, she is the hot Fit, and thou the cold one.

Gain. Rather a double Poison, where the Force of one prevents the Mischief of the other.

Tru. So at best the Remedy's as bad as the Disease.—But pray, can you inform me what unaccountable Whim brought her to this Place?

Gain. No Whim of hers; for she was utterly averse to it—but you know what a Pretender my old Lady is to

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to Learning and Philosophy; and one Evening, because I could not give her a satisfactory Account of all the different Sects from *Socrates* to *Whiston*, she resolv'd for Oxford the next Morning, with her whole Family, that she might be within the Pales of *Parnassus*, and at the Fountain-head of Erudition.

Tru. Ha, ha! pr'ythee, how could'st thou dream, *Charles*, of such an old Female Book-worm?

Gain. O 'twas a golden Dream, Sir—of fifty thousand Pounds hid in an old Wall—I could bear with the Rubbish, to come at the Coin.

Tru. And would'st thou really marry such a School System of crabbed Words, and crooked-Figures; such a musty *Aristotle* in rough Gait?

Gain. Rather than go to Goal.

Tru. Troth, I think that would be making thy own *Mittimus*, and confining thy self to a Dungeon for Life.

Gain. You are mistaken, Sir, I would have made her *Mittimus*, if I could once have got her.

Tru. As how, pray?

Gain. Why, pack'd her, with a Cart-load of old Books, and her Lap-dog for a Bed-fellow, into the Country—chain'd her up to a Shelf in the Study, amongst the rest of the Dead; and there left her to meditate on the other World—whilst I enjoy'd my self all the Pleasures of this, which her Money could procure.

Tru. A very rational Scheme, I confess.

Gain. Look you, *Ned*, if you can shew me one of the Sex who has Wit and Beauty, without Ill-nature and Vanity; Freedom without Wantonness, and Modesty without Pride or Affectation, I'll marry her without a Farthing—purely for a Curiosity. But as I believe from my Soul there is no such Creature in Being; could I meet with a Fortune to pay my Debts, and maintain me in the Luxury and Magnificence of the *Beau-Monde*; if the Possessor of it was an old Beldam, as ugly and ill-natur'd as a Witch, I would caress her with all the Ecstasy—

Tru.—That a Jilt does her Cully, while she is picking his Pockets—for the Morality of the thing is pretty much the same.

Gain. Truly, *Ned*, I can't find out the Morality of being starv'd; and I'll sooner send my Principles a begging, than go my self.

Tru.

Tru. I don't question it in the least—they are beggarly Principles indeed; that would let a Man starve, *Charles.*

Gain. And something like that must be my Case shortly, if I can't meet with some Pennyworth or other; for the little Bank I had when I first turn'd Prodigal, is quite exhausted.

Tru. Then you must turn Author, my Friend, and write. Why, thou hast a Spring of Wit sufficient to—

Gain. To what?—S'Life! don't you know 'tis the Nature of Springs to be dry in the Summer, when there is most Occasion for 'em? And so one's Wits, the Duce take 'em, like true Friends, always forsake a Man in his Necessity; when once they cease to be replenish'd with the generous Showers of *Champaign* and *Burgundy*—they'll flow no longer.

Tru. Nay then, I see no other Way you have left, but to return very penitently to the old Gentleman, persuade him to forget all that's past, and part with the Key of his strong Box.

Gain. I might as soon persuade him to part with his Soul; he that could use me so ill, out of Partiality to a half-witted younger Brother, as to make me resolve to seek my Fortune on the bare Strength of five hundred Pounds, would have little to say to me, now that's spent.—Besides, he would no more know my Person, than Name: For the Space of Ten Years has alter'd the first, as much as my own Fancy has the last.

Tru. Ten Years! why, thou hast not liv'd all this time on five hundred Pounds?

Gain. No, indeed; thanks to good Friends.

Tru. A needy Stranger, and meet with Friends!—Pr'ythee, who are they? or whence came they?

Gain. O, they are *Lilliputians*, Sir! for you see I can carry 'em in my Pocket. [*Takes out Dice, and rattles them.*]

Tru. Ha, ha! So I find the only way of being sure of Friends, is to keep 'em in one's Pocket.

Gain. True, *Ned*—but even these fail me now; for a Man must not expect to win, who has nothing to lose—But who comes here?

Tru. A true Representative of elder Brothers, and Oxford Scholars.

Gain. That's to say, a Fool by Birth, and Rake by Education.

Tru. To which (that the Piece might be finish'd) he has added a Supplement of Impudence, with an Appendix of modern Foppery; and is come out a little Abridgment of the Follies of the Age, and a compleat Burlesque on Wit and Fashion.

Gain. Is not his Name *Ape-all*?

Tru. The same—you must have seen him at Lady *Science's* Lodgings, for he is making vigorous Addresses to her Daughter *Victoria*.

Gain. Ay, these keen-set *Oxford* Blades will scramble for a fresh Country Girl, like Aldermen at a City Feast for the first Cut of a Venison-Pasty—but doth she encourage him?

Tru. Only to laugh at him—for she seems to me to be a young Lady of very good Sense, and much better acquainted with the World, than could be expected from one of a Country Education.

Gain. I confess she has something both in her Person and Temper, that takes me more than most I have met with.

Tru. Have a care, *Charles*—you must not think of her, unless you can live on Beauty; for she has nothing in her own disposal, but her Person.

Gain. And troth I am not Canibal enough to feed upon that.

Enter Ape-All.

Ape. Gentlemen, good-morrow—Col. *Trumore*, how d'ye, my Dear?—Sir, your very humble Servant—methinks, my Friends, we are got stroling about at strange unfashionable Hours this Morning—for People of Distinction—for rivett me, if I had been a-bed above five Seconds, before the Bell with its plaguy Jingle roused me to Prayers again—I gad one might as well be Prentice to a Chimney-Sweeper, as live in one of these pedantick Colleges. Don't you think it a most barbarous thing now, to be forc'd to go to Church, when Gentlemen of Wit and Pleasure ought to be going to Bed?

Tru. 'Tis a great Grievance, I confess—but I thought you fine Gentlemen had generally made Conscience of staying away.

Ape. Yes, Sir, we do make Conscience of it; but then
we

we have a Company of formal old surly Fellows who take pleasure in making one act contrary to ones Conscience—— and tho' for their own parts they never see the Inside of a Chappel throughout the Year, yet if one of us miss but two Mornings in a Week, they'll set one a plaguy *Greek* Imposition to do—— that ne'er a one of them can read when 'tis done.—— And so i'gad I write it in *French*, for they don't know one from t'other.

Tru. Nay, there you are even with them.

Ape. Ay, ay, let me alone; I deal with them, I warrant you. They hate such Fellows as me, Man, I stick to their Buffs i'gad—— O they are sad Brutes, Sir—— your Fellows of Colleges are a parcel of Sad, Muzzy, Humdrum, Lazy, Ignorant old Caterpillars.

Tru. How! Ignorant, Mr. *Ape-all*! I thought they must be Men of Learning,

Ape. That's merry, indeed—— no Sir, no more than Officers must be Men of Courage i'gad—— I beg Pardon, my Dear,—— that was very good, ha, ha—— you don't take it ill, Colonel—— I could not help it, split me—— my Fancy was on fire, and so it slip't from my Tongue, like Spittle from a hot Iron.

Gain. [*aside.*] What a pert Coxcomb it is!

Ape. Learning, quotha—— no, no, if ever a Man of common Sense get amongst them—— they have him expell'd for a Heretick.

Gain. How?

Ape. Ay, ay—— Why they have threatned as much to me before now, Man——

Tru. Nay, then 'tis clear against 'em—— but come, let us know now, Mr. *Ape-all*, how your Amour goes on with pretty *Victoria*?

Ape. O swimmingly,—— swimmingly, Sir—— a fair Wind from that Corner.

Gain. What, bound for the Port of Wedlock, Sir?

Ape. No, no, no, no, Sir, I only use her as a Pleasure-Boat to dabble about the Stream with; purely for a *passo Tempo*, or so. O Lard, Sir, I have been at *London*, and know more of the World than to make Love to a Woman I intend to Marry—— only it diverts the Spleen to talk to a Girl sometimes, you know—— and 'tis such a Comedy, when one Gallants them to College, to see

all the young Fellows froze with Envy, stand Centinel in their Niches, like the Figures of the Kings round the *Royal Exchange*. And the old Dons, who would take no more notice of one at another time, than a Bishop of a Country Curate, will come cringing Cap in hand, to offer to show the Ladies the Curiosities of the College—when the Duce knows they only want to be nibbling.

Tru. But you can't make us believe that you have no farther Intention in following *Victoria* so close, than this—come, confess.

Ape. Why truly I must own I have some farther Intention, as you say, my Dear; for I have made a Resolution, you must know—to lie with every pretty Girl that comes to Town.

Tru. Very modestly resolv'd, on my word.

Ape. Why Modestly—why so much of your Modesty now?

Gain. O, you must not mind him—he is one of your bashful Fellows, that approaches a Woman with as much Reverence as he would an Angel; and courts his Mistress out of *Plutarch's* Morals.

Ape. [*aside.*] *Plutarch's* Morals! that must be some Bawdy Book that I have not seen—Well, well; you may talk of your Modesty, Colonel; but by *Jove* I'll do it.

Tru. What, whether they will or no?

Ape. Hey—whether they will or no—what a Question that is now—hang me if I know how to answer him—will—why, do you think there is any fear of that?

Tru. Nay, I don't know.

Ape. No, no more you don't indeed——you know nothing of the matter, I find that——for let me tell you, I never met a Woman yet, but I could bring her on her Knees——you understand me, Sir?

Gain. Ay, ay.

Ape. And when once you get them to their Intreaties, 'tis over with 'em, 'gad—'tis as sure a sign of a Woman's yielding, as a Captain's Prayers at Sea is of the Ship's sinking—but I had almost forgot to tell you the News,
Colo-

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Colonel: 'you have a Rival come to Town, do you know it?

Tru. Not I: who is it?

Ape. I can't tell that; but they say he is an *Irish* Lord, come to carry off your Mistress *Clarinda*; but hark—— the Bell summons—— now I must I sneak away to Chappel like a parish Boy to sing *Psalms*—— no, it may ting tang 'till Doom's day for me, I'll not do it.

Gain. Now Heaven forbid.

Ape. No, no, my Dear, I understand more Manners than to leave my Friends to go to Church—— no, tho' they Sconce me a Fortnight's Commons, I'll not do it.

Gain. Ay, but you shall tho'—— O my Word you'll give us a world of Uneasiness if you stay.

Ape. Shall I indeed?—— why that's friendly said, very friendly faith; and therefore till I can return again, I am your most disconsolate, obsequious, humble Servant.

[Exit Ape-all.

Gain. A very promising Plant this, and being rear'd in so fruitful a Soil, can't fail of coming to something extraordinary—— but who can this Rival of yours be, *Ned*, that he talks of?

Tru. *Shamwell*, I suppose; the fluttering Coxcomb that buzz'd about her at *Bath* last Season.

Gain. Nay, then, *Tramore*, thou art a Man again.

Tru. What do you mean?

Gain. Why he is the most likely Person in the World to do thee Service; for he has all the sneering Malice, insinuating Flattery, and knavish Cunning of his own Country; skulking under the pleasing Mask of *French* Foppery, and affected good Humour—— in a word, he has the Skin of a Camelion, and the Poison of a Snake; and is an Exception to the general Notion, that *Ireland* produces no venomous Creatures.

Tru. And how will his being a Brute make me a Man?

Gain. Why the Duce is in't, if with all these excellent Qualifications, he does not run away with thy Mistress—— which is the only way to prevent her running away with thy Manhood.

Tru. Nay, he need do no more than show her the

Coronet on his Coach, and she'll immediately step into it—— but see, we have him here.

Enter Shamwell.

Sham. Mr. *Gainlove*, I am your eternal Slave—— what, Colonel *Trumore* too—— this is beyond what my utmost Hopes could flatter me with, to embrace the two dearest Friends I have in the World at my coming to *Oxford*.—— [*aside.*] Tho' hang me if ever I was more concern'd in my Life—— for the sight of that Blunder-buss bodes me no good.

Gain. We had less Reason to expect the Happiness of your Lordship's entertaining Company in this dull Place.

Sham. Why truly, *Charles*, these irregular Excursions are not usual to me, and 'twas with extream difficulty I got away now.

Tru. I presume your Lordship is at the Head of Affairs then.

Sham. Of the Ladies Affairs I am, Sir—— but as to the National Affairs who will may be at the Head of them for what I care—— A Statesman! I would sooner be a Steer's-man at the Helm of a Coal-Lighter in stormy Weather; for there one has only Wind and Tide to struggle with: but whoever is at the Helm of the Nation, tho' he out-buffet the Storm, has always a thousand Sharks ready to devour him.

Gain. Ay, ay, my Lord; there's more Pleasure in laying Schemes to gain a fine Woman, than to take a dirty Town; more Rapture in signing Preliminaries on her Lips, than on a shrivel'd piece of Parchment.

Sham. Right, right, my dear Joy—— Ay, I have put the finishing Hand to many of those Treaties; there's not a *Belle* about Court, but has felt the effects of my Negotiations in that way.

Tru. But what has brought your Lordship so far out of your Sphere of Action, as this Place?

Sham. Love, *Ned*—— which is a powerful Attractive, you know.

Tru. Love, my Lord! She must be some Angel, sure, that could influence your Lordship so far, as to lay out on one Woman, what is sufficient to make so many of the Sex happy.

Sham.

Sham. The fair *Clarinda*, Sir, has more Charms in my Eye, than the whole Creation of Beauties together. I think you have the Happiness of being acquainted with the Lady, Sir?

Tru. Yes, Sir, I have the Happiness of being acquainted with her.— [*Aside.*] Sneering Rogue.

Sham. Then pr'ythee do me the Favour to introduce me to her— for I'm in Love with her to Madness; and I am positive thy Recommendation will go a great way— [*Aside.*] Poor Puppy! ha, ha, he looks as silly as if he was calshired.

Tru. I am the most improper Person in the World for a Gentleman-Usher; besides, one of your Lordship's Adresss can never have occasion for one.

Sham. You are quite out in your Opinion of me, indeed, Colonel; for I am one of the most blundering Fellows in Nature on such Occasions—but you are happy, Sir, in every Endowment that recommends a Man to the Ladies; an easy Assurance, courtly Address, soft Behaviour, brilliant Wit, and persuasive Eloquence.— [*Aside.*] Ha, ha! I can't help laughing in his Face.

Tru. S'dearth, I shall certainly be provok'd to kick him. [*Aside.*]

Gain. I see Love has not abated any thing of your Lordship's usual Pleasantry.

Sham. Why no, *Charles*—I know indeed there are a Company of cloudy Mortals in the World, whom both Love and Wine have a sleepy Effect on; but they give a gayer *Eclat* to Men of a *Bell Esprit*.

Gain. That is, because they never take more of either than will agree with their Constitutions.

Sham. Do you think so, *Charles*?—What say you, *Ned*?

Tru. I say, my Lord, that the Fortune of a Woman being the principal Ingredient in the Composition of her Charms, which attracts the Inclinations of the prudent Lovers in this considerate Age, the ill Consequences of too violent a Passion are by that means prevented—but whether that be your Lordship's Case—

Sham. O—the farthest from it of any thing imaginable; for the Duce take me but I would marry *Clarinda*,

da, if she had nothing in the Creation but a Douglass Shift and Flannel Under-Petticoat.

Tru. Well said, *Teague*!

[*Aside*.

Sham. Hang Fortune, I say — Trash — mere Dirt — A fine Woman, if she has not a Farthing, for me.

Gain. If you are so charitably inclin'd, my Lord, you may meet with fine Women enough, who will take you at your Word.

Sham. Ay, *Charles*, but to have a Woman flap into one's Chops at the first Whistle, is losing the Pleasure of the Chase, by catching the Hare in her Form.

Gain. Now I think, pursuing a Woman for her Beauty, is following a Will o'wisp for its Light; that leads you into a Ditch, and then leaves you in the Dark.

Sham. Ha, ha! then you think a Woman's Charms are lost, as soon as she is married.

Gain. Yes, faith, to her Husband; as the Diversions of a Puppet-Show are to him who is behind the Curtain.

Sham. Truth on't is, Matrimony generally proves an Extinguisher on our side; but as we admir'd them before, why, I think, it is the Women's turn afterwards to admire us.

Tru. So that a Wife you think at least may give a Man the same Pleasure as his Glass.

Sham. Ay, but 'twould be a Glass I shou'd not choose often to look in; for I am afraid it would be apt to accustom one to frown.

Tru. Then pray, my Lord, what View have you in marrying a fine Woman?

Sham. The same, Sir, that I should in purchasing a Race-Mare — purely for sake of the Breed. But pr'y-thee, won't the Ladies be on the Walks to-day?

Gain. They generally appear about this time; let us move on, and we may meet them.

Sham. *Adieu donc* — *Ned* —

Tru. I'll turn up the next Walk. [Exit *Trumore*.

Sham. [*Aside*.] I believe indeed you don't much like the Company. [Exeunt *Shamwell* and *Gainlove*.

Enter *Lady Science* and *Clarinda*.

Sci. For shame, for shame, *Neice*, do not betray such Imbecility in the judicial Faculty of your Intellects,

as to rail at and depreciate this celestial Nursery of Literature; this *Galaxy*, as I may say, from whence are transplanted all the glorious Luminaries, that irradiate our Hemisphere.

Cla. They are all transplanted, I believe indeed, Aunt; for to me, 'tis the most dismal Place I ever came nigh in all my Life—in a Word, I hate it, and every Body in it.

Sci. My Genius! sure you know no Body in it then — Why, they are great Philosophers — Men skill'd in the learned Sciences, Neice — who can tell the Number of the Stars, their Gradations, Retrogradations, Directions, and Retrospections; can —

Cla. — Tell Fortunes by Coffee-grounds I suppose, ha, ha!

Sci. Well! I profess it grieves me to the very Center of my Heart, to think that I have any Mode of Relation to such an empty *Cylinder*, such an *exhausted Receiver* — Surely, we need no longer doubt the Existence of a *Vacuum*; for the Skulls of the young Girls and Fops of this Age, are Demonstrations sufficient of it.

Cla. What a lovely Age 'twould be, Aunt, if all the pretty Gentlemen, and fine Ladies, were to turn Stargazers and Philosophers — to see a Beau encompass'd with Telescopes and Globes, instead of Looking-Glasses, and Peruke-Blocks; and a Coquette with *Euclid* and *Newton* on her Toilet, instead of *Waller* and *Congreve*; and strip'd of all her Patches, to mark the Planets in the Solar System, ha, ha!

Sci. I find 'tis in vain, Neice, to talk to you, for I might as easily make the most erratick Comet describe a regular Circle, as reduce you within the Sphere of Understanding.

Cla. Why truly, Aunt, there are some Things in Natural Philosophy I should like well enough to understand; but you can't teach 'em to me — I think your Experimental Philosophy is reckon'd the best, ha, ha!

Sci. O *Gemini*! — O *Capricorn*! — the Girl is certainly Lunatick.

Cla. Well, I have heard of one sort of Philosophers I should have lik'd prodigiously.

Sci.

14 *The Humours of Oxford.*

Sci. What were their Opinions? ——— What did they hold?

Cla. Why they held their Tongues, Aunt, ha, ha!

Sci. O monstrous! I can't bear to hear such malignant Defamation; but leave you as an Ignoramus of the first Magnitude. [Exit Lady Science.]

Cla. Ha, ha! farewell, Lady *Gimcrack*.

Enter Trumore.

Tru. Madam, good Morrow—the Business of your Toilet's early over — or, like the Sun, you rise in your full Glory——nor need the Arts inferior Beauties use——to make you captivate the Hearts of all.

Cla. How is that!—pray let us have it again.

Tru. Madam?

Cla. I say, pray repeat that, for methoughts 'twas vastly pretty.

Tru. I say, 'tis a Miracle to see you on the Walks so early, Madam.

Cla. Ay, but 'tis no Miracle to see you here.---For early or late, one is sure to meet you---you are as great a Persecution to one, as a City Dun.

Tru. And you, Madam, like a true Court Lady send me as constantly away without so much as looking on my Bill, or hearing what I have to say.

Cla. Say one Syllable that I han't heard fifty times already, and I'll be all Attention. But don't perpetually haunt me like a Death's Head, with Sighs and Groans; or like a dedicating Poet, with a fulsome Narrative of my Wit and Beauty, and the Lord knows what. I am very sensible, Sir, that I have Beauty, Wit, Fortune, and a thousand Charms besides---And what then?-----

Tru. Why then, Madam, since you are possess'd of such a noble Treasure, you should generously make it a Blessing to the World; and not (as a Miser does his Pelf) niggardly hoard it up for your own Contemplation.

Cla. Indeed---and so you would really perswade me to distribute my Favours; as I do my Farthings, to every impertinent Beggar?

Tru.

Tru. No, Madam—

Cl. What, you would modestly monopolize them all yourself perhaps—ay, that's it—Well, now I shall never endure you; for the Wretch that has so much Vanity, to think he deserves one before Marriage, will have the Confidence to think he should govern one afterwards——detestable! pray, good, noble Colonel, do so much as favour me with a Scheme of the Authority you would be pleas'd to exercise over me, if ever I should be so unfortunate as to fall under your Jurisdiction?

Tru. I should not presume on any Authority, Madam, but fully confide in your own Discretion.

Cl. O Colonel, Colonel! there is an infinite difference between Lovers and Husbands—you are all Enthusiasts before Marriage, and Infidels after; you think us Deities, and adore us in Courtship; but as soon as you are let into the Secret, and find us nothing but simple Flesh and Blood, you treat us as you would so many Impostors: And because we are not the Angels you imagined, think worse of us than what we really are.

Tru. And therefore you think it the safest way to keep us at a Distance; and, like crafty Priests, brighten our Devotion, by blinding our Understanding.

Cl. Yes—for you are most of you such High-fliers in Love, that nothing but Mysteries will content you, and think every thing below your Regard, that is not above your Understanding.

Tru. Take care, Madam; for at this Rate, you make the weakest Heads have the warmest Hearts.

Cl. O immensely!—for that Reason I am positively resolv'd never to marry any one but a Fool with a Title—and therefore, Colonel, since you had so little Sense as to commence Lover, if you can get a Ribband across your Shoulders, with a *Hon. Sir* at the end of it, I may begin to think your Addresses a little more reasonable, but at present they are flat Presumption—and so, Sir, I'll leave you to consider of it. [Going.]

Tru. S'death! this Usage is insufferable.

Cl.

Cla. I turn'd back on purpose to acquaint you, Sir, that Anger of all Things discomposes the Consideration; ha, ha! [Exit.

Tru. Very well, Madam—if I longer suffer myself to be thus abus'd, I shall richly deserve it—No, I am now determin'd to put an end to any farther Thoughts about her; and the better to accomplish it, I'll set out for *London* within this half Hour; the most likely Remedy (if I have but Resolution enough to go thro' with it) to conquer my Disease.

For Time and Absence seldom fail to prove
Successful Cures, for unsuccessful Love. [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The S C E N E Continues.

Enter Ape—all joppishly drest, without his Academical Habit, Dancing and Singing, follow'd by a Servant with a large Looking-Glass, and Timothy with a Sword.

Ape. TOL de rol——tol der rol——

Serv. Sir, Sir, shall you have any occasion for the Glass, or may I carry it home again?

Ape. What's that to you, Sir, whether I have occasion for it, or not—Suppose I have a mind to have it carry'd before me instead of a Mace?—I am as great a Man as the Vice-Chancellor, Sir, and therefore I'll be as much distinguish'd—O ho! *Timothy*, give me my Sword——[puts on his Sword.] and so honest old *Ape-all* is gone to the Devil at last—my surly old Dad is as still as a potted Woodcock, hey!

Tim. Ay, Sir.

Ape. You saw him safe under Ground then?

Tim. Ten Foot deep, Sir—for I went with old Strip-Corps the Sexton, to take off the Holland Shroud, they were so foolish to bury him in, and there he lay as snug as a Maggot in a Nutshell.

Ape. But that was dangerous tho', for the Air might have brought him to Life again.

Tim. O Sir, we had a Remedy for that; we wou'd let him tell no Tales again, I warrant you. *Ape.*

Ape. Very well——then here's Something for your good News——and you, Sir, do me the Favour to set down the Glass——[*Going to the Glass, and surveying himself.*] And now, dear Mr. *Ape-all*, I wish you Joy of your good Fortune with all my Soul, Sir,——you look exquisitely well on it; really Sir——Such a Shape, Air, and Vivacity in your Aspect, that you are irresistible, by *Jove*, Sir,——you'll bear down all Opposition, with a *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, foregad, Sir.——So, hey to *Victoria* for the first Assault. [*Going out, meets Kitty.*] Ha! my Dear *Kitty*, how dost do, Child?

Kit. Do—you are not much concern'd how I do, or you would not have been a whole Week without asking me the Question. But I see what your boasted Constancy is come to——*Victoria's* your Idol now, Pagan.

Ape. Pr'ythee, Child, don't torment thy self with silly Surmises; for I am more fond of thee than ever, by this sweet Kiss, my Dear.

Kit. Don't kiss—nor dear me, for I can see thro' your base Hypocrisy, Sir.——How often have you swore by all that's binding you would marry none but me? and how many great Matches have I refus'd on your Account?——there was Mr. *Raketwell* of *Queens*, Beau Trifle of *Christ-Church*, Mr. *Soakpot* of *Maudlin*; and must I be forsaken at last for a snivelling West-Country Bumkin!

Ape. Why now, *Kitty*, can't thou have the Vanity to think that *Fopwood Ape-all*, Esq; of four Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, will marry a Tavern-Man's Daughter——i'gad, Child, I shall never drink the Lees of Port, since I can lay claim to the first Run of Campaign, ha, ha!

Kit. Then you have the Assurance to own your Perjury, have you, Sir?

Ape. Pooh——Perjury, Child——I can't tell how you might mistake me indeed—but I never meant a serious Word, as I hope to live.

Kit. But I have some Promises under your Hand, Sir, that will mean something in the Opinion of a Judge and Jury, I believe.

Ape. Ay, but I can match you there, Madam---for I'll swear I could never write in my Life---which the Court won't think any thing extraordinary, in a Person of my Figure and Dress.

Kit. Is that your Conscience?

Ape. Conscience! ha, ha! Why Conscience in Love, Child, is no more expected than at Cards; we are allow'd to renounce, if we take care to conceal it---but, dear *Kitty*, let us talk of these Matters another time, for at present my Head runs on quite another thing.

Kit. Ay, you have a lovely whirligig Pate of your own.

Ape. Why, would you have it, like a Piece of Clock-work, always move the same Way, *Kitty*?---

Kit. Come, come, Sir, this Jestling won't do—I desire you will be serious.

Ape. Why then seriously—I have no farther Occasion for you, Child—the only Reason of my giving you good Words and so forth——was, that your Father might give me good Wine, and good Credit; but now my Estate is in my own Hands—you can be of no more Service to me, you know.

Kit. Very well—very well, Sir;—but you shall be of some more to me, or I'll be hang'd; and so, Jack-pudding, look to yourself. [Exit *Kitty*.]

Ape. O, your most humble Servant, Madam.--- Hey there, you Fellow-----run and get me a Chair instantly.

Serv. A Chair, Sir!-----there was never any such thing kept in this Place.

Ape. Hey-----I had forgot that indeed-----I have a sad treacherous Memory, that's the truth on't; but 'tis a Misfortune incident to People of our Capacity—this Wit is a plaguy incroaching Quality—it always kicks poor Memory out of Doors—but d'ye hear—order one to be made for me directly; for 'tis an intolerable Slavery to walk, like an Exciseman, from one end of this Beastly Town to the other. [Exit.]

Enter Clarinda and Victoria.

Cla. And so, *Vittoria*—ha, ha!-----pray go on, Child.

Vitt.

Vic. You are very pleasant on our West-County Way of Living, my Dear.

Cl. Living!—Breathing, you mean—to be coop'd up in an old melancholy Cottage like a Pullet in a Pen, with nothing to do but to Feed—to rise in a Morning because 'tis Light; and go to Bed at Night, because you have no where else to go: to have no Diversion but raising Pies, and reading Weekly Journals—not a Soul to converse with, but an old Grannum, who is continually making you wish to enjoy the Pleasures of Life, by railing against 'em---nor a Creature to visit but the Vicar's Wife, who entertains you with a surfeiting Relation of the pretty Tricks of *Jacky* and *Jenny*—or a History of the Cures she has made on Kib'd Heels, and Scalded Shins---oh monstrous! ha, ha!

Vic. Very picturesque, on my Word—but pray, Madam, what may you call Living?

Cl. Just the reverse of 'other, my Dear---'tis to rove without Restraint, and converse with whom one please---to be first in every Fashion, and the most distinguish'd in every publick Place---to be follow'd, and sought for by the Men---envy'd, and combin'd against by the Women---in a Word, 'tis to go where one will, say what one will, have what one will, and do what one will---whilst a Revolution of Pleasures, not Hours, is the Measure of our Time--and when one Circle's compleat—to take a Nap, and begin a new one.

Vic. And of what Particulars is this Round of Delight compos'd?---pray let's hear a few of 'em?

Cl. Of Things, my Dear, that you never dream'd of in the Country---The Toilet, the Tea-Table, the Park for the Day;---and for the Evening, that Noor of Pleasure---Opera's, Masquerades, Assemblies, China-Houses, Play-Houses, and---oh! my Head swims with the very Thoughts of 'em.

Vic. I do think indeed that most People have giddy Heads, who plunge into such a Torrent of Extravagances.

Cl. Ay, Child, that's only the Prejudice of your Education---these fine Reflections, my Dear, are a

sign you have convers'd more with the Dead than the Living.

Vict. I must confess, I am very little acquainted with the Gaieties of the Age; my provident Mama took care to prevent that, by sending me so young from the Town---

Cla. Well, I admire how one of your Genius and Spirit can submit to be so buried to all the Sweetness of it.

Vict. Which way can I remedy myself?

Cla. Break Goal, and marry any young Fellow that will run away with you.

Vict. Ay, my Dear!---but I am afraid that would be only going from *Newgate* to *Bedlam*---for I never heard that the high Road to Freedom lay thro' the Land of Matrimony.

Cla. You are infinitely mistaken-----for if a Woman has the good Breeding not to care an Ace for her Husband, and the good Contrivance to be Mistress of his Purse, she has both the Power and Opportunity of tasting all the Joys of Life, in a more unlimited Degree than when single. Therefore now you are a little at large, make the best use of your Time.

Vict. But how, my good Tutorefs? For I can't say Yes, before I am ask'd.

Cla. What should you think of Mr. *Gainlove*? I have observ'd that you both seem very well pleas'd with one another's Company---and I am no Conjuror if those Eyes of yours have not done some Execution there.

Vict. [*Aside.*] If you were a Conjuror, you would know where his had done some.---He is a good agreeable young Fellow, but you know he declares against the Chains of Wedlock, unless they are double-gilt---and my Fortune being out of my own Disposal, he'll scarce care to trust to my Lady's Bounty.

Cla. Then there's your profest Admirer, Mr. *Ape-all*.

Vict. Oh hideous!

Cla. Hideous, do you say?---why he has all the Qualifications requisite to make a compleat Husband.

Vict. You can't think so.

Cla. Indeed I do---for he is Rich, so you won't want a Purse to provide for your Pleasures-----a Fool, which makes you secure in them---a Fop, and consequently

sequently too great an Admirer of himself, to suffer any Uneasiness from other People's admiring you—so you may enjoy your tender Inclinations unmolested.

Vitt. But my Notions of Life don't quite tally with the prevailing Opinions of the World—I am so unfashionable as to think, that by marrying a Man, I distinguish him from the rest of his Sex, to contract the most intimate Friendship with—

To make the pleasing Partner of my Fortune;
And a belov'd Companion for Life.

Cla. Ha, ha! mere Poetry, perfect Blank Verse—Companion for Life! You have a mighty odd Notion of Life, I find, Child—why, a Husband now-a-days is the only Person that never can be ones Companion for Life.

Vitt. That's strange indeed!

Cla. But as true—for after the first Moon, 'tis the most unfashionable thing in the World, either to eat, drink, or lie together—and if ever you happen unfortunately to be alone with one another—why he pares his Nails, and you play with the Monkey.

Vitt. A very comfortable Description of Matrimony—but see, here comes my Mother, gallanted by Mr. *Haughtry*—I am afraid she likes the State so well, that she won't be long out of it.

Cla. And what a delightful Creature she has pitched on!—who makes as merry a Figure for a Lover, as a Lord Mayor would for a Master of the Ceremonies.

Enter Haughtry and Lady Science.

Haugh. Where is this evil Speaker?—this Apostate, —who is so presumptuous as to rail at the most glorious Seminary of Arts and Sciences, the Mother and Nurse of the Church?

Sci. Ah! there the heterogeneous Reprobate stands —well, I profess, Mr. *Haughtry*, I have an utter Antipathy to her—there is not an individual Angle in the whole Solid of my Body, but quakes when I come nigh her.

Haugh. Oh! let me take her in hand a little—I'll give her a Lecture in *Arte Loquendi*—I'll teach her better Manners, than to speak evil of high Places.

Cla. Manners! ha, ha!--prodigious!--and so we must go to College, *Victoria*, to learn Manners!--when you must know, I should sooner have thought of going to *Billingsgate*, or *Westminster-Hall*, to learn to hold one's Tongue.

Vic. I never heard, indeed, that there was a System of any such thing study'd in the Schools.

Haugh. Ay, but you are mistaken, young Mistress, for it is to be learn'd from all the Philosophers. *Plato* will teach you how to talk to the Purpose---and *Pythagoras* how to hold your Tongue---*Aristotle*, how to see the World to Advantage---and *Diogenes*, how to stay at home, and be contented---*Cicero*, a useful Pride; and *Socrates*, an unaffected Humility---

*Adde---*quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

Cla. And then your Imitation of 'em must be wonderful engaging---for you are as dogmatical as *Plato*---and as silent as *Pythagoras*, in effect---because you never talk to be understood---You travel, indeed, as well as *Aristotle*---but 'tis only from one College Cellar to another---and stick with more Content to a Cask, than ever *Diogenes* did.

Haugh. Hoh---

Cla. You have ten times the Pride and Arrogance of *Cicero*, where you have the least Authority---but when you are off of your own Dunghills---you are as tame, and as easily managed, as *Socrates* by his Wife.

Haugh. Hoh---

Cla. Add to which---your genteel way of contradicting every Body you converse with---

Vic. And talking *Latin* to those that don't understand it.

Haugh. } So! So!

Sci.

Cla. Your noble magisterial Mien, and Behaviour---that you always look and talk, as if you were handling the Birch---and making poor School-boys afraid of you.

Haugh. } Very well!

Sci.

Vic.

Vic. And your pretty slovenly Pride, which makes you as regardless of your Persons, as Understandings, and shows you have studied Men, as little as you have Books.

Haugh. } Mighty well--mighty well indeed!

Sci.

Cl. And consequently your College Manners, like your College Learning--are a Hodge-Podge of Contradictions to every Thing in Practice, and only fit for the Place where they are taught; ha, ha!

Haugh. Admirable well indeed!--Odsbud, it is not to be bore.

Sci. Hold your Tongues, you Flirts you--or I shall find some way to oblige you to Taciturnity, I shall--your virulent Defamers of everything that is laudable--But I profess, Mr. *Haughy*, I think Ignorance is become an hereditary Malady; and therefore it is a pity that any but Persons of Letters are suffered to propagate the Species.

Haugh. True, Madam--for then there's not a Girl amongst them; but would have the *Stagirite* at her Fingers ends--but at present, all the Use they make of their Horn-Book, is to read Plays and Romances, to learn to get Husbands, and Cuckold them when they have done.

Sci. Oh! I abominate your odious Poets, and Romancers.

Haugh. Ay, ay, hang your Poets--they are a Parcel of poor starving Rogues; that are forced to catch their Living like Spiders with what they can spin out of their own Entrails--there never was but one of them worth hanging; and that was *Horace*--he was a good jolly *utile-Autei* Dog--and I believe formerly, be Fellow of a College--But what does this Butter-fly do here?

Enter Ape-all.

Vic. O, Mr. *Ape-all*! in good Time--we want a Champion for the fair Sex here; will you venture to encounter a fiery Dragon in our Defence?

Ape. Any thing in the World, Madam, to serve the Ladies--my whole Life, Madam, is devoted to Knight-Erantry--I am *Don Quixote* the second
--- and

---and want nothing but Employment under your Ladyship, to show how much I am superior to the First.

Haugh. I can tell you your Business, Sir, if you list under them—you must Pimp, Flatter, Swear, and Lie for them.

Clar. Unmannerly Brute!

Ape. Unmannerly!—O Lord, Madam—why he is a Fellow of a College; that's to say, a Rude, Hog-gish, Proud, Pedantick, Gormandizing Drone—a dreaming, dull Sot, that lives and rots, like a Frog in a Ditch, and goes to the Devil at last, he scarce knows why—like getting drunk with the smell of a Bottle, and having all the Pain of a Surfeit, without the Pleasure.

Haugh. S'bud, this must be a Girl in Breeches; or he could not prate so fast—Why, thou Mungrel, thou thing of the doubtful Gender, how can'st thou have the consummate Impudence to open thy Mouth—*me presente*—Sirrah, I'll have you put in the Black-Book—*Rusticated*,—*Expell'd*—I'll have you *coram nobis* at *Golgotha*, where you'll be dedevill'd, Muck-worm, you will.

Ape. Look you, old *Belzebub*, I don't care a Soufe for all the Sculls there, for I am out of their Power—I have thrown off your Trammels already.

Haugh. Oh! I beg Pardon, Sir; you are in Mourning for your Father, I think; ha, ha!

Clar. How, Mr. *Ape-all*, is this Mourning for your Father?—

Ape. Yes faith, Madam—why, don't you think it a mighty grave thing?

Haugh. Did you ever hear such an ungracious Bird—a mighty grave thing?—when he looks like the Jay in the Peacock's Feathers—why, Sirrah, you'll certainly come to be hang'd for your Undutifulness to your Parents, and us your Governors—I shall certainly have the Pleasure of seeing you on a Gibbet; with your Raggs fluttering in the Wind like a Paper Kite.

Ape. Yes, yes, I know you would be glad to get rid of me by any Means——for you old Fools are as much afraid of us witty Men, as the *Jews* of the Inquisition.

Haugh. Thou sett'st up for a Wit now—without one Quality belonging to 'em, except their Impudence—
and

and hast all the Vanity and Folly of a Fop, without one Grain of their Gentility.

Ape. Thou sett'st up for a Scholar, without Learning enough to be a Pedant—and for a furious High-Church Man, with nothing but Ignorance, which is the Mother of their Devotion; ha, ha!

Clar. How admirably these Fools show one another.

Haugh. What! blaspheme the Church, thou *Julian* the Second!—S'bud, let me come at him, that I may crush him to Atoms.

[*Going towards him, Ape-all draws his Sword, and stands on his Guard.*]

Ape. Hold, hold, Sir, or i'gad I shall tap your Tun for you?

Haugh. Here's a Hero now—here's a Bully—to draw his Sword on a Man unarm'd?

Sci. Come, Sir, let us leave them in their Ignorance, for a Company of eccentrick *Illiterari*.

Haugh. Your Ladyship shall command me, I'll say no more now, but—O *Tempora!* O *Mores!*

[*Exeunt Haugh. and Lady Science.*]

Vict. A compleat Victory, Mr. *Ape-all*, you are Master of the Field--- you charge furiously---

Ape. The Brightness of my Words, Madam, proceeds from the Fire in my Heart; and like the Moon, I only shine when the Sun of your Ladyship's Beauties illuminates my Conception?---[*Aside.*] A pretty Conceit, and elegantly expressed, i'gad.

Vict. That's all Compliment, Sir, for your Rhetorick is purely natural.

Clar. That it is, I'll swear, ha, ha!-- but I am afraid we shall lose you soon now, Mr. *Ape-all*.

Ape. Why yes, Madam, I shall have done with the University now--- I have finished my Studies.

Clar. I don't question but you have pursued 'em with great Application.

Ape. Application!-- I have been a down-right Drudge to 'em--- why now, could you think it--- what between Dressing, Dancing, Intriguing, the Tennis-Court, and Tavern, I am so perpetually taken up, that frown me to the Center, Madam, if I have a single Minute in a Day I can call my own.

Clar.

Clar. You are resolved to be an universal Scholar, I perceive.

Ape. Why truly, Madam, I have made a considerable Progress lately—my first two Years, indeed, I spent very wildly I confess—I had a good-for-nothing, musty Fellow for a Tutor, who made me read *Latin* and *Greek*, and would certainly have ruin'd me, if two or three honest Fellows had not got me out of his Clutches, carried me to Town, and show'd me the World—but I think I have pretty well recover'd myself. I hope, I neither talk nor look now, as if I had ever read *Greek*.

Cl. Not in the least, on my Conscience.

Ape. No, Madam—you may as easily know a Fellow that minds his Book from one of us, as a fine Gentleman from a *Scotch* Pedlar—you may distinguish them by their Chins being stuck in their Necks—their sneaking Bookish Look—Plodding Gait, and dirty Limbs.

Cl. And then their Conversation---

Ape. Paw—their Conversation—there they betray themselves at once—for they never open their Mouths but like the Brazen Head, in Sentences; and their Discourse, like a *Merry-Andrew's* Coat, is made up of Scraps and Patches, pirated by piece-meal from Booksellers Shops.

Clar. Ha, ha!--But come, *Victoria*, let us go home, or my Lord won't know where to find us.

Vict. Pray, Cousin; who is this Lord *Shamwell*?

Clar. Really, Child, I am no farther acquainted with him, than by being his Partner one Night at the *Barb*, and going to the Breakfast he gave next Morning—but there he comes.

Enter Lord Shamwell.

Sham. O, your Servant, Ladies—have I caught you at last!--I thought I should never have held out to come up with you—I am reduced to my very last Gasp, in Pursuit of you.

Clar. Why, where have you been to look for us, my Lord?

Sham. Been, Madam,---- I can't tell where I have Been--I have called at every House, like a Collector of Taxes---

Taxes---I have run into every China-Shop, Toy-shop, and Church in Town, to seek you.

Ape. Church! ha, ha! a very likely Place indeed! --- why, how could the Man dream of finding them at Church?

Sham. Hum--- who the Duce is he?

Clar. My Lord, this Gentleman is worth your Acquaintance.

Ape. [*Stepping forwards*] My Lord, your most Humble Servant, you are heartily welcome to Oxford, my Lord --- but I am sorry, that I am obliged at present, by an urgent Avocation, to deprive my self of the ravishing Pleasure of your Lordship's polite Conversation.

Clar. Why in such violent Haste, Mr. *Ape-all*?

Ape. Haste, Madam! I'gad I think I have had the News of my Fathers Death almost these three Hours--- and half the Town don't know it yet. And on such Occasions, it is but necessary to visit all one's Acquaintance, you know, that they may have an Opportunity of wishing one Joy; and so, my Lord, and Ladies, your most devoted *tres humble Serviteur*.

[*Exit Ape-all.*]

Clar. Ha, ha, ha! But pray, my Lord, what was the Reason that we had not the Happiness of seeing your Lordship at Court last Winter?

Sham. 'Twas what the whole Court, indeed, were chagreen'd at--- but I was oblig'd, Madam, to be--- [*Aside.*] Where the Duce shall I tell her-- Oh-- Abroad on my Travels.

Clar. Then positively, my Lord, you must entertain us with some of your Adventures.

Sham. Why truly, Madam, I met with so many, and of that extraordinary Kind, that I am absolutely at a loss to know where to begin-- I demolished more Enchanted Castles, slew more Giants, and fought more Combats, for the sake of the Ladies--- than all the Seven Champions--- I rov'd from the North-Pole to the Antartick Circle--- I saw all the Curiosities in *Terra Incognita*; rid a Hunting where Troy Town stood----- and danc'd a Minuet in the Belly of the Grecian Horse----

Viz.

Vitt. [*Aside to Clarinda.*] These monstrous Absurdities incline me to believe that he has travell'd no farther than his own Country.

Cla. Now they are the very Things which convince me that he has been a Traveller.

Vitt. Incredible indeed!—But you Travellers see a World of incredible Things.

Sham. One travels for that purpose, Madam.

Vitt. 'Tis a pity but your Lordship would favour the World with a History of 'em, as your Friend Captain *Gulliver* has done.

Sham. That *Gulliver*, Madam, is a sad lying Rascal—There is not a Syllable of Truth in his Book—for you must know, I touch'd at *Lilliput* my self.

Cla. Then there is such a Place, it seems?

Sham. Ay, ay, there is such a Place, I assure you—But he represents the Inhabitants, you know, as a parcel of little, inconsiderable Hop-o-my-Thumbs—when, Duce take me! if they are not as brave, lusty, Beef-eating Rogues, as any in *Terra Firma*.

Vitt. And does the Prince wear his Shoes with one Heel high, and the other low, as he would make us believe?

Sham. Pooh, pooh; all Flam, Madam—they are both low, which makes him tread as sure, and walk as upright, as any Prince in Christendom.—Indeed there are some bungling State-Cobblers, who want Employment, wou'd fain persuade him to clap on another Lift—but he has more Understanding than to follow their Advice.

Cla. Your Lordship's Account seems the most probable, I must acknowledge.—But what have we here! my noble Colonel going to seek Adventures too?

Enter Gainlove, and Trumore in a Riding-Habit.

Gain. Even so, Madam, he was just mounting; so I have brought him before you, to know if you have discharged him, or not, from your Service.

Cla. The Gentleman is entirely at Liberty to dispose of himself as he thinks proper, Sir, for I don't know him to be one of my Retinue.

Tru. Very likely, Madam, for I have thrown off the Fool's Cap, which is the Badge of your Followers.

Sham.

Sham. Very blunt; and Soldier like.

Cla. Why, there you was out now, for 'twas the only thing in the World to cover an Ass's Ears.

Tru. Then you have a certain Favourite, Madam, whom 'twill be of singular Service to.

Gain. Well thrust, o' my Word; Ha, ha!

Sham. Ay, he assaults very furiously, I must confess; but, like his Fore-father in the Fable, he is easily known thro' the Lion's Skin.

Cla. True—what a bombarding Face the Wretch has! He looks as terrible as any Captain of the Train-Bands at the Head of his Buff-coats, storming a Dung-hill in *Bunhill-Fields*, Ha, ha!—and yet I'll engage his Heart is as tender and white as a Curd.

Tru. You judge from your own happy Talent of Disimulation, I presume, Madam;—by your counterfeiting so much Gaiety; when 'tis easy to be seen you are not so well pleased as you would appear to be.

Cla. And why so, pray?—because the dear Man will leave one! Ha, ha!—Indeed you are infinitely deceiv'd, Sir, if you imagine any Action of yours can give me the least Uneasiness.—[*Aside.*] I'll match him for this.

Tru. You may put what Face on it you please, Madam, but we know that it piques your Pride, at least, to have one that has once been in your Power, show that he has not quite given up his common Sense, but is ashamed to play the Fool any longer.

Sham. Now, I think playing the Fool with a Lady— is the wisest thing a Man can do.

Gain. Ay, my Lord, where a Man engages in things of this Nature, only out of a View of Interest, or Amusement, and is sure of coming off with a whole Heart, or a full Purse, he may find his Account in it.

Vitt. Then you don't think, Sir, that Love, like Virtue, is its own Reward?

Gain. No, really, Madam, I have no Notion of such fine Romantick Pleasures.

Vitt. That proceeds from your not having experienc'd 'em.

Gain. I judge from my Friend there, Madam; and I dare say his Maw is full of 'em.

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Gain. I judge from my Friend there, Madam; and I dare say his Maw is full of 'em.

Cla. You are mistaken, Sir, for the Colonel is a perfect *Switz* in Love—not a Step without Pay.—But, jesting apart—I hope you are not actually determin'd to leave us, Sir—I thought your Good-nature and Complaisance, which brought you here (for I can't now attribute your coming to any thing else) would have detain'd you, to help to divert us in this lonely Place.

Tru. Something has detain'd me longer already, Madam, than is consistent with either my Ease or Discretion.

Cla. Do you persuade him, my Lord, to stay, and then perhaps he will—to show how much readier he is to comply with any Body's Intreaties than mine.

Sham. I am positive, Madam, if he refuses your Request—no Instances of mine will have any Influence upon him—otherwise I would use all the Rhetorick I am Master of to prevail on him [*Aside.*] to be gone this Moment.

Tru. You insult admirably, Madam, but in vain; and so farewell for ever. [*Going.*]

Cla. Stay, Sir—one Word more, and then farewell.—I think it necessary (in order to clear my self from an Imputation of Ill-manners towards you) to confess, that any unhandsome Freedoms I us'd you with—were only to try if your Addresses were any thing more than outward Gallantry—and now I am satisfy'd.

Tru. [*Aside.*] Another kind Word, and I am undone.

Cla. [*Aside.*] O ho! does it work?—then you shall have another Dose.—Your not answering me, Sir, demonstrates the Truth of my Suspicion, and witnesses for me, that this parting is not of my seeking.

Sham. [*Aside.*] I doubt this will prove a scurvy Business.

Cla. Nay, so far am I from seeking it, that if I thought I had the least Interest with you, I would make use of it to keep you here.

Tru. I can hold no longer.—Madam, I am wholly yours—Say to me what you please—use me as you will, I'll never have the Madnes or the Folly to resent it more.

Gain. Then thou art blind, deaf, and dumb.

Sham. And I am thunder-struck.

[*Aside.*]

Cla.

Cl. Then, as a Mark of your Esteem for me, Sir, I beg you will do me the Favour I am going to ask.

Tru. Any thing in the World, Madam—tho' it be at the Hazard of my Life, I'll do it.

Cl. Why, I have a turbulent Monkey, who has got a Trick of slipping his Collar, and I desire you will go to London; and get it a new one. Ha, ha!

Tru. Excellent Creature!

Sham. Ha, ha!—quite thro' the Liver, Lights, and Pericardium—it has turn'd his Stomach, I see by his Looks—I believe Exercise is the most proper Remedy for your present Disorder, Sir.

Cl. Ay—a Ride, and the fresh Air—cheerful Company, and generous Wines may be of Service in this Case; Ha, ha!—But come, *Victoria*, let us leave him to consult his Doctor there.

Vict. His Doctor had best beware, lest the Distemper prove infectious; for if he once gets in the Collar, it may wring him as much as it has his Friend.

Gain. I should be apt to venture, Madam, if you had the fixing of it. [*Aside.*] What the Duce ails me?—I shall go too far, if I don't take care.

Sham. Remember me to all Friends in London, do'tt hear, Ned—and I wish thee a good Journey, with all my Spirits; Ha, ha!

[*Exeunt* *Clar.* *Vict.* and *Sham.*]

Tru. Soh!—I am oblig'd to her, however, for this *Coup-de-grace* to my Folly; for I am now so thoroughly cured of my Infatuation, that I'm resolv'd not to leave the Place, as I intended, but let her find, by my Stay, that I am no longer afraid of her Power.—Come, *Charles*.

Gain. Won't you follow them?

Tru. No, I thank you heartily.

Gain. Yes, pr'ythee let us.

Tru. For what?

Gain. For what?—O, why, for—for—for—S' Death! for nothing at all—but—but—

Tru. Whu! the Fellow's certainly bewitch'd, or in Love!

Gain. Psha, Love!—Pr'ythee hold thy Tongue.

Tru. Ha, ha! you are certainly caught in the Toils,

and don't know it; but struggle for Life, like a young Swimmer got out of his Depth.

Gain. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken.

Tru. Indeed, Sir, I am not.

Gain. If you persist, *Ned*, you'll make me angry.

Tru. And if you persist, you'll make me merry; Ha, ha!

Gain. Sir, forbear to play the Echo on me, or—

Tru. O, Sir! you'll grow very fond of an Echo now.

Gain. Grow fond of an Echo!

Tru. Ay, ay!—'tis the only Company a Lover cares for, and generally the only Company that cares for him; for since I have been one of the Class, my Acquaintance have shunn'd my House, as if a *Lord-have-mercy-on-us* had been wrote over the Door.

Gain. Well, I find 'tis in vain to deny it—for the Tokens are on me, which can't be conceal'd—and so I must e'en consider what to do.

Tru. A Lover, and talk of Consideration!—A Madman might as well talk of his Reason, or a Poet of his Riches—No, Sir, you must quit Consideration.—bid farewell to common Sense, abandon your natural Liberty, throw your self captive at her Feet—beg her to use you like a Puppy (which she'll graciously condescend to do) and ever after—But I need not instruct you, for I have seen you mimick me to a Miracle: Ha, ha!

Gain. Well, enjoy her I must, by some Means or other—but avoid Matrimony.

Tru. What makes Matrimony such a frightful Sprite to you?

Gain. Because, like the Devil, it always appears with Horns.

Tru. If it appear'd with Hoofs too, Love would soon reconcile you to it.

Gain. No—if I was ten times more in Love than I am, the Sight of a Parson would cure me as effectually, as the Sight of a Surgeon does the Tooth-ach.

Tru. Then let me tell you, you must expect no Favours from *Victoria* on cheaper Terms.

Gain. You shall not discourage me, *Ned*: For I can't conceive how a warm, tender Creature, in the Spring of her Age, with all her Passions and Desires about her, can

can refuse a gay, imploring, pressing young Fellow, any thing he has Assurance enough to ask—And therefore (assisted by invincible Claret) I'll assault her with a thousand Oaths, Promises, Prayers, and Imprecations; first ravish her Hand, then her Lips, and then—O then!

Tru. What then?

Gain. Gad! I can't tell thee what then——nor can'st thou guess——nor I neither.

Something so charming—such transporting Bliss,
No Thoughts can image, nor no Words express.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The SCENE Continues.

Enter Trumore with a Letter in his Hand.

WHAT is this Love?
This strange unruly Something in the Soul,
That baffles all our bravest Resolutions;
And, like a Fire once kindled in a Mine,
Can ne'er be thoroughly quench'd?—
An Hour ago I thought my Heart as cool,
As any rambling Libertine could wish.
But now this Letter (which shows how near I'm losing
her I lov'd, to a designing mercenary Villain) has rais'd
the dying Embers to a Flame.—What can I do? It
would be but Justice to let her suffer for her Follies—
Vain, inconsiderate Woman! to expose and abuse me,
in return to my generous disinterested Passion—and to
doat empty Fop, that Shell of a Man——

Enter Gainlove Repeating.

Gain. No; 'tis the Gay, the Fair, the Young.

Govern the Numbers of my Song.

Hah! Ned. Where's Victoria, Victoria, Man?

For all that they admire is sweet,

And all is Sense that they repeat.

Tru. Well—I'm resolv'd to let her see her Danger;
for however ungrateful she has been to me, she has too
many good Qualities to be made a Prey to such a base
Impostor.

[*Going.*]

Gain. But heark-ye, Friend—don't you apprehend
that you are in some Danger your self? [*Pulling him back.*]

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Tru. Of what?

Gain. Why, of having a Stake thrust thro' thy Guts, and being buried on the Highway for Self-murder.

Tru. I am not in a humour, Sir, at present, to be made a Jest of.

Gain. No truly, thou art ready made to my Hands— and what is worst of all, by a Woman too—S'death! 'tis such Fellows as this, that makes 'em so insolent. They would meet our Inclinations three parts of the way, but that Pride is their predominant Passion, and 'tis a greater Gratification to 'em to make a Man their Slave, than their Gallant.

Tru. What would you have me do?

Gain. Why hang your self—S'life, before I would suffer an arrogant Minx to make such a Jack-Pudding of me; before I would fetch and carry, and play over Tricks for any Baggage of them all; I would be quarrel'd for a Traitor, that my Limbs might be put to a better Use, in adorning the City Gates.

Tru. Well, *Charles*, you'll undoubtedly suffer one Day for this Treason against the Female Government, take care that *Victoria* don't make you answer for all these hard Speeches.

Gain. I don't question but she would, had she once got Possession—but she'll find a certain *Salique Law* here, that excludes her Authority—look-ye, *Ned*, a Woman always treats a Man as she perceives he'll bear—if a Fellow will be silly, and snivil, and hang his Head to her, why—like the great *Mogul*, she thinks she does him a Favour to chop it off—But see, here she comes—now stand on one side a little, and I'll show thee, that the only way of taking a Woman, is Sword in Hand.

Tru. Excuse me now, Sir—there is another Lady with her, that I desire to dispatch a little Business with in the mean time. [Exit *Trumore*.]

Gain. Now Matrimony take thee for a puling, whining Milkfop—but hold, I must change my Tone.

Enter *Victoria*.

Gain. Thus *Eve*, by Native Innocence secur'd,
With no Brick Walls, or Iron Pales immur'd,

Roye.

Rov'd thro' the Walks of Paradise alone—
Vitt. But too much trusting to her self, 'tis known,
 She met the Devil at last, and was undone.

Therefore I am amazed at my own Courage, to venture Rambling after such a dreadful Warning—but, Heav'n be praised! I have met with nothing like a Tempter hitherto.

Gain. Why then, Madam, I must frankly acknowledge my self to be one—and I hope I may prove at least as successful in my Love, as the Serpent of old did in his Malice and Revenge.

Vitt. Bless me!—I am surpriz'd, Sir, to hear you talk of Love, when you declaim'd against it but Yesterday, with so much Severity.

Gain. Matrimony you mean, Madam—but that is as contrary to true Love, as Persecution is to true Religion; 'tis a kind of Prize-fighting, where People shake Hands indeed—but 'tis only to go very civilly together by the Ears.

Vitt. I would not willingly understand you, Sir, as an Advocate for that licentious Passion, falsely call'd Love, which brooking no Ties or Restraint, flies, like Wild-fire, to every Quarrer, and destroys where-e'er it falls.

Gain. You are deceiv'd, Madam, if you imagine that Love will be subject to any Ties, but those of Love—it depends on the Inclination, not the Will; and can no more be confin'd by the Priest, than directed by him; but, like Quick-silver, the more its press'd, the faster it flies one.

Vitt. Then a little conjugal Chymistry, Sir, is the best thing to cure it of its natural Obstinacy.

Gain. Cure it! ha, ha! ay; as bleeding a Man to Death cures him of a Fever.

Vitt. Ay, Sir, you ridicule Matrimony, as Libertines do Religion, because it is contrary to your Practice, more than real Opinion—you hate it on the same Account that *Kentish-men* do a Light-house, because it saves many a poor Wretch from being wreck'd on your Coast.

Gain. No, Madam, I point it out as a dangerous Rock, which all Lovers ought to avoid striking on.

Vitt. And yet 'tis the only way they have to their Harbour;

bour; which if it be so very hazardous as you say, the most prudent way is not to engage in the Voyage---and therefore the Objections you have made to Matrimony, hold good against Love in general.

Gain. You must pardon me, Madam, if I can't see the Justness of that Consequence.

Vitt. O 'tis very conclusive, Sir: for indulging it in any other way, is as inconsistent with Modesty, and Virtue, as ending it in that (you say) is, with Peace and Satisfaction.

Gain. I demurr to that, Madam.

Vitt. For what Reason, Sir?

Gain. Suppose Chastity and Virtue are not so nearly allied, as your Sex generally imagine?

Vitt. But why should I suppose so?

Gain. Because, as Matrimony is nothing but a mere civil Institution, occasionally adapted to the reigning Politicks, without any Obligation, but what is human and arbitrary-----so Continence, is nothing but an unreasonable Conformity to that, in Opposition both to Nature and Love-----and is so far from being really a Virtue, that it is the very worst degree of Avarice, which refuses to make another happy, with what, if kept, is no Advantage to the Owner.

Vitt. And so, in your Opinion, a common Prostitute acts more consonant with the Laws of Nature and Reason, than those who have a regard to Modesty and Chastity.

Gain. I think, Madam, they act more so, than those of their Sex, who commit Matrimony, as they generally do, directly for Interest—as both the Crime and Folly is greater, to prostitute themselves for Life—than for half an hour.

Vitt. Very well, Sir—and so you would fain persuade me, by this wondrous way of reasoning, that Chastity is a mighty-silly thing, and Modesty a mere Chimera—that if I am virtuous, I am no better than I should be—and that, out of a Principle of Generosity, I ought to be entirely at your Service, or any Body's else that will do me the Favour—O' my Word, Sir, you must have an excellent Opinion of my Understanding, to think I can judge no better of Right and Wrong, than to be impos'd on by such wretched Sophistry.

Gain.

Gain. Hah!

Vict. Are such confident Assertions, and pitiful Evasions as these, the powerful Engines with which you make so much Havock amongst us? They must have very little Inclination to resist, who are subdued by such weak Attacks.

Gain. [*Aside.*] Hah!—I find I must have Recourse to my last never-failing Argument—irresistible Impudence—No, my lovely *Amazon*, these Mines are only sprung to gain the Outworks; the main Fortrefs is always carried by Storm, as thus, and thus—and—

[*Kissing her Hands.*]

Vict. [*Breaking from him.*] Forbear, Sir.—I don't understand this manner of Behaviour—what Levity have you ever observed in my Conduct, to encourage you to be guilty of such Insolence? Love—no—don't prostitute the Name to such scandalous Ends—'tis nothing but brutal Appetite—a barbarous inhuman Passior, that aims at the Ruin of the Object it pursues, and is never cherish'd by any, but Wretches who are void both of Honour, and Humanity,—But 'tis well, Sir—I'm glad I am acquainted with your base Intentions, that I may take care not to give you another Opportunity of pursuing them. [*Exit.*]

Gain. [*Singing.*] Fly me not, Silvia: Why do you fly me, &c. Ha, ha! She'll not give me another Opportunity—that's to say, make good use of the present—how miserably would the poor Creature be baulk'd now, if I should not follow her:

For Women fly, but to discover

The Zeal and Fervor of their Lover.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Clarinda and Trumore.

Gla. Lud have Mercy o'me! this Creature has the faculty of a Hound, he certainly runs upon Scent—Well, what is it you have to say now?—but first assure me, that there is nothing dismal in it—nothing of Death, and Despair, Consuming, and Burning, and such Stuff—I am just suffocated with so much Fire and Flames; I dread the very mention of Darts—and a Sigh quite takes away my Breath.

Tru. To prevent any such Inconveniencies, Madam,—I shall only desire that, for your own sake, you will
cast.

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cast your Eye over this Paper; and by that time you have made some critical Observations on it, I will return to learn your Opinion. *[Exit Trumore.]*

Gla. Well, now let us see—some hideous Verses, I suppose, of his own composing. *[Reads.]* How! What's this?

S I R,

THE Person who will appear at Oxford, about the Time of your receiving this, under the Name and Title of Lord Shamwell, is an errant Cheat, who is supply'd with Equipage, and other Requisites, by the Irish Society of Fortune-Hunters here in Town, in order to impose on a Lady for whom you profess an Esteem; the Knowledge of which, is the Cause of this from your unknown Friend, A. B. Soh! in what a Maze of Vanity have I been wand'ring!—And how nigh was I tumbling from a Precipice, when I thought I was mounting the Hill!—But stay a little, don't let me be too hasty in this Matter—I have a Notion darted into my Head, that there may be nothing in this Business at last—perhaps he is the Impostor, and has forged this Letter only to supplant my Lord, and further his own Pretensions—My Life to a Pinch of Snuff, I have hit on't; and if I don't play him Trick for Trick, I wish I may never taste the Sweets of Revenge.

Enter Victoria.

Bless us! where in such a Hurry, Child?—You scamper along like any Cryer of the dying Speeches.

Vict. And no wonder—for I have been within an Ace of Execution my self.

Gla. What, I suppose Mr. Gainlove has made a little more free with your Hand, or something, than your West-Country Breeding allows of.

Vict. I don't know what he made free with, my self, he has so scar'd me—A wild Brute—if I had not run away, I can't tell what would have become of me.

Gla. No great Harm, Child; the Fear of dying is always worse than the Thing it self—but if he be too wild for you, marry him, marry him—and you'll soon make him tame enough, I'll warrant you, Girl.

Vict. I should be afraid to venture on the Experiment—but pr'ythee let us talk of something else, to get the filthy Fellow out of my Head. *Gla.*

Cl. Oh, my Dear! I have just discover'd one of the merriest Plots that ever was hatch'd; here, read this. *Trumore* just now gave it me, with a Request that I would make some critical Observations on it, and he would return to learn my Opinion,—and a true Critick he shall find me.

Vic. Well; 'tis inconceivable to me, how you can take Pleasure in using one of his good Sense and Sincerity, in the manner you do—especially as I am confident you have no Aversion to his Person.

Cl. That's an Argument of your want of Experience in these Matters, Child.—You imagine People are coupled every where, as they are in your Country—with an *I'll love thee, if thou lov'st me*—to the first Fellow that is sent to ask you the Question—with down-cast Eyes, and a Face as red as a Nectarine, cry, you'll be advis'd by your Relations—and as soon as the Dromedary's gone—bounce away to the Milliners to buy Lace for your Wedding-Head: Ha, ha!

Vic. You may banter, Cousin; but I say again, a Lover with good Sense and Sincerity, is——

Cl. The prettiest Play-thing in Nature

Vic. If you are in such Necessity for a Play-thing, methinks his Lordship would make a better.

Cl. O!—why so he does, Child—he is a Beau—and a Beau to a Woman of Fashion, is like a Repeating-Watch to a Citizen's Wife, which she is always striking to let the World know she has such a Bauble belongs to her——

Vic. But you treat him in a very different manner.

Cl. Different Instruments, Child, must not be play'd on alike—the Colonel, like his *Kettle-Drum*, the rougher he is dealt with, makes the more Musick—whilst his Lordship, like a *French Lute*, must be tenderly tickl'd to make him squeak.—Beaux are Things that must be gently handled; if you wind them but one Turn too high—they'll snap like a *Cat-gut*.

Enter Trumore.

Tru I hope, Madam, you are convinc'd at last what base Metal has been palm'd on you, for true Sterling—and that you had better be plain *Mistress* all your Life, than *My Lady*, on such Conditions.

Cl.

Cla. Yes, Sir, I am thoroughly satisfy'd of the Cheat, and am concern'd that I had ever a good Opinion of the Person that could be guilty of it.

Tru. I thank my Stars, for giving me this Opportunity of demonstrating the Sincerity of my Love.

Cla. And I thank mine for the same Opportunity of informing you, Sir, that you are monstrously deluded and impos'd on.

Tru. By whom, Madam?

Cla. By your self, Sir—in thinking me so short-sighted as not easily to see, that all this fine Scheme is the Product of your own wise Brain; Ha, ha!

Tru. So, so!

Vitt. Come, you are too barbarous, Cousin.

Cla. Why, so I think I am—but the Colonel is all Complaisance—and glad to be any Occasion of Diversion to one, I'm positive—and now I think of it, I believe o' my Conscience he invented this Business on purpose to entertain me; Ha, ha!

Tru. S'Death, Madam, do you think to make me your Tom-fool, your Laughing-Conveniency?

Cla. Why, how should it possibly be otherwise—I defy the most contemplative *Stoick* breathing to look on that *sad-colour'd* Countenance, without bursting into a Laugh.

Tru. Fire and Furies!

Cla. Lud! how he raves—good, sweet Colonel, keep your Temper, and don't draw on a naked Woman.

Enter Shamwell.

Ha! my Lord! 'tis well you are come; for I was nigh being dissected here on your Account.

Sham. Well, I swear 'tis very strange now—I can no sooner honour any particular Lady with my Addresses, but it immediately draws down the Envy of both Sexes upon her—and the whole World are up in Arms, as if their Rights were invaded; and I was to be kept untouched, like *Magna Charta*, for the Good of the Publick.—But pray, Madam, oblige me with an Explanation of this Affair.

Cla. Why, for not readily giving Credit, my Lord, to a spiteful Inuendo or two, in this Letter.

Sham.

Sham. [*Reading; and then Aside.*] 'Um!— I am discover'd, indeed; but I find she does not believe it, therefore 'tis not my Business to know any thing of the Matter— Ha, ha, ha! pray, Sir, will you do me the Favour to acquaint me who this mysterious Mr. A. B. is, that seems so desirous to ease me of the Burden of my Coronet, deliver me from the Expence of Equipage, and Attendance; and most generously set me on a Level— with Officers, and Knights of the Post.

Tru. 'Tis one that knows more of your Lordship, than your Lordship is pleas'd he shou'd, I fancy.

Clar. And supposing every Part of this wonderful Discovery were as true as it is ridiculous and false; my Lord has other Accomplishments sufficient to recommend him to a Woman of Discretion.

Sham. [*Aside.*] A lucky Hint, by St. Patrick!— There your Ladyship has decided the Matter at once— for I dare swear, the Colonel, at his highest Flow of Vanity, will scarce presume to enter the Lists with me to dispute a Comparison— and therefore I will now bring this Business to an *Eclaircissement*, by declaring, that I wrote the Letter my self.

Tru. What does the Coxcomb drive at?—

Clar. Yourself, my Lord!

Sham. You must know, Madam, I am a Person superlatively nice in my Choice— and fearing, lest any kind Reception you gave my Addresses might be more owing to my Quality and Fortune, than any real Affection— I convey'd this to my choice Friend there, judging him to be the most likely Person in the World to make the Use of it I desired— and which has had the happy Effect of extorting a Declaration from your Ladyship, so propitious to my Love.

Tru. Soh!—

Clar. [*Aside*] This Turn, tho' it be clever enough, is more crafty than True, I fear— however, Colonel, I am oblig'd to you for your kind Intention.

Sham. And so am I; most inexpressibly, by all that's friendly.

Tru. Flesh and Blood can't bear this!— Sir, you are a lying Scoundrel, and as such I'll use you.

[*Draws; the Women call for Help.*

E

Sham.

Sham. Thou art the most unmannerly Brute I ever met with, to quarrel before Ladies--- but if you are in such Haste, Sir, I can draw as soon as another---

[*Trifles with his Sword, 'till a Fellow comes up to him.*]

Tru. Methinks not, Sir.

Sham. Fellow, lay hold of me. [*Aside.*]--- And therefore, Sir, I demand instant Satisfaction.-- Rascal! let me go--- [*Aside.*] Hold me fast, d'ye hear.

Clar. Let me intreat you, my Lord, to forbear now, and leave the rude Monster to bluster by himself.

Sham. I'll sacrifice the dearest Thing I have in the World, even my Honour it self, to the implicate Regard I have for your Ladyship's Commands.

[*Exe. Shamwell and Clarinda.*]

Tru. Fare thee well for a cowardly Villain! who art as false in thy pretensions to Honour, as to Love and Nobility.

[*Exit Tru. more.*]

Victoria Sala.

Vict. Well, *Clarinda*, I see you are true to the Maxim of your Sex, of two Evils, to chuse the worst; tho' I should think my self very fortunate, as the World goes now, to have such an honourable Lover as the Colonel--- but, alas! I am wretched, in having plac'd my first Affections on a Man that so little deserves them--- I was in hopes his mean Attempt on my Virtue, had banish'd every tender Thought of him from my Breast: But I find his Image is too strongly stamp'd, to be so soon effac'd; and whilst I am thinking to forget him--- I fear I'm only thinking of him-- Ha! here again!-- and I alone--- I was certainly bewitch'd!-- Bless me! what can I do?--- Where shall I run?--- O, here's an Arbour, I'll hide my self in that. [*Goes into the Arbour.*]

Enter Gainlove, musing.

Gain. How powerful are the Charms of Modesty!

That, like the Sun-beams ripening Gems in Rocks,
Can kindle Virtues in the roughest Breast.

What a happy Turn of Mind, and generous Sentiments, has the inflexible Innocence of that lovely Creature inspir'd me with-- And I now feel a more exquisite Pleasure from a Repulse--- than I e'er knew in all my vicious Conquests o'er the Sex.

Vict.

Vitt. [*listening.*] Pray Heaven he speak the Truth.

Gain. How falsely have I hitherto judg'd of Happiness! placing my Heaven in Luxury and Lewdness, where still the very Means prevent the End; for Vicious Pleasures are destroyed like Powder, by the same Match they are kindl'd; and could but Women search our Breasts, they would easily perceive that the only way to preserve our Love and Admiration, is to gain our Esteem by preserving their own Virtue--- for we no longer regard a beauteous Face, than 'tis the Index of a beauteous Mind.

Vitt. Well, I am strangely pleased with this--- I may venture to let him see me now _____

[*Walks across the Stage, as not observing him.*]

Gain. Ha! is not that she?--- it is--- and I'll embrace this lucky Moment to sue for Pardon, [*Going towards her, stops short.*] and yet methinks I'm now ashamed to see her; for sure she must scorn and hate me for my senseless Insult--- No--- I injure her by such unjust Suspensions--- real Innocence and unaffected Virtue, never insult a Person for Mistakes they are sensible of and acknowledge--- [*Goes up to her, and takes her by the Hand.*]

Vitt. [*Starting, as seeming surprized.*] What, Sir's, your Meaning--- to affront me in the manner you have done already?

Gain. No, Madam---

I'm not the wild licentious Thing I was,
But sensibly ashamed of my Offence;
I come an humble Suppliant for Forgiveness.
Us'd to the Town, and all its vicious Follies,
I falsely thought no Woman could be virtuous;
But knowing you, I find I was deceiv'd;
Such stubborn Virtue, in a Soul so soft;
Such manly Reason, in a Breast so young;
Have given me different Notions of your Sex.

Vitt. Sir-----

Gain. I never knew the Power of Love before.

To rove from She to She, was still my Maxim,
And the last Charmer was the most admir'd.

But you have wean'd my Heart from all its

Wandings,

And won me over to the Paths of Honour :
 And if you can forget my past Offence,
 My future Conduct shall acquit you to your self,
 Of having been too merciful.

Vict. I am not one of those, Sir, that dwell on As-
 fronts, and are fond of showing Repentment——
 but yet, I think it dangerous trusting too readily to the
 seeming Repentance of an old Sinner—— besides, you
 Gentlemen of Pleasure, look on an easy Pardon, as
 only an Encouragement to offend again.

Gain. No, *Victoria*—— my Passion is as innocent and
 artless, as are the Thoughts and Looks of her that rai-
 sed it, and aims at nothing but what's consonant with
 strictest Honour, and the nicest Virtue.

Vict. Well, Sir, I can't deny but I am inclin'd to have
 a favourable Opinion of what you say, from a certain
 Soliloquy which I by chance overheard—— and up-
 on the strength of which, I believe I may venture to
 forgive what is past.

Gain. Exquisitely kind !

Vict. But, at the same time, would advise you to de-
 sist going any farther ; for I can assure you, there are
 terrible Obstacles in the Way.

Gain. None, Madam, but what I have Love and
 Resolution enough to encounter.

Vict. Nay, Sir, if you are so determined, I will
 catechize you a little—— Could you (for you must
 know, I am fix'd on a Country Life) leave all the Vice
 and Vanities of the wicked Town, and retire to a lone-
 ly Mansion in the West ; where instead of the warbling
 of an *Italian Eunuch*, you would be entertained with
 bleating of an *English Weather*—— instead of the dazzling
 Sight of a crowded Theatre—— must take up with the
 dismal Prospect of Beasts and bare Fields—— renounce
 all the sweet Variety of Bed and Board—— and be true
 to loving Spouse, and *Dorset Beer* ?

Gain. These, and a thousand greater Difficulties I
 could conquer with such a Prize in view.

Vict. If you are satisfied you can—— promise that you
 will—— and if our present Humours continue, which
 'tis ten to one if they do—— Lud have Mercy on us !——
 But see, here comes my Lady, whose Consent you
 must

must first of all gain, without which my Approbation has no more Force, than a Bill that has been pass'd by Commons, and rejected by the King.

Gain. I fear we shall find her a tough Barrier— she must be undermin'd, not storm'd.

Enter Lady Science and Haughty.

Sci. So Daughter, are you still resolv'd to act in this retrograde manner; will you always fly off in a *Tangent*, from your right Center of Motion?— Instead of cultivating your Understanding with the sublime Tenets of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and *Epictetus*, will you fool away your Time in this fruitless Manner?— as for your Companion there, Idleness is his Business— he is a fine Gentleman.

Haugh. Ay, it would be a Scandal to him to know any better— 'tis the Prerogative of a fine Gentleman, to do nothing and be ignorant of every Thing.

Gain. [*Aside.*] So— but I must bear it.

Sci. True, Mr. *Haughty*; and yet can you believe it, he once had the Assurance to make Pretensions to me.

Haugh. 'Twas a sign he knew nothing of your Ladyship; he thought you were— like other Widows, no doubt, to be taken with Impudence and Embroidery— he concluded if the Pill was gilded, you would swallow it without question.

Sci. And tho' it would not go down with the Mother, he hopes it will with the Child.

Gain. I acknowledge, Madam, 'tis my Ambition to be one of the Family.

Sci. Sir, 'tis impossible in *rerum natura*, that you should be one of the Family; for if she be a Daughter of mine, she will bear with nothing so ignorant— I would rather she should corrupt the Blood of the *Sciences*, by marrying a City Shop-keeper— one of those groveling *Animalcula*, who are so fashion'd to their Trades; such mere Shop-signs— that you may know by their Looks, whether they sell by the Yard, or Troy-weight.

Haugh. Troth, Madam, if I might advise, you should look out for some learned and worthy Member of this *University*— and marry her on the spot.

Sci. As I love Letters, the very thing I could wish— my Notions, Sir, run exactly in parallel Lines with

yours--for now she is got within the Orbit of *Venus*, she will be inspir'd with so much Subtlety, by the Propinquity of *Mercury*, that she will be always playing me some malignant Trick or other—but do you know any body, Sir, you could recommend?

Haugh. Let me see—ay, I have found him—Odsbud! I can fit you to a T.

Vin. As I am resolv'd, Madam, not to marry without your Approbation, I hope you will not oblige me contrary to my Inclinations.

Sci. Pray, Mistress, who taught you to have any Inclinations but what I think proper?—I'll have your Inclinations be the Weather-cock to my Humour, Madam—to point to any Corner I think proper—and when I think proper, they shall *rust* to a Husband—But come, Mr. *Haughty*, when can one see this Mr. *What-de-callum*?

Haugh. Directly, Madam—Odsbud! I'll go and send him this Moment--Mr. *Mudbrains*--that's his Name--Fellow of *Brazen-Nose-College*.—a Man of much Learning, but very few Words—he is Master of all Tongues—but seldom makes use of any—a great Dealer in your Monosyllables, and rarely launches out in Discourse, beyond an *ay*, or a *no*.

Sci. I shall like him the better for that—the less he talks, I shall have an Opportunity of talking the more; and at the same time, discover the Vivacity of my Apprehension, by explaining his Thoughts—and the Fluency of my own Expression, by supplying the Deficiency of his—but come, let us go in, and be in order to receive him. [Exeunt all but Gainlove.]

Gain. Hum! here's like to be a fine piece of Business—if I don't quickly interpose—hah! I have a Thought, which if artfully put in Practice, may turn all to our Advantage—it shall, it must succeed, since Love, almighty Love's the Engineer. There's nothing beyond the Power of Love—Love can conquer Impossibilities, and reconcile Contradictions:

'Tis Love can make Fools witty—wise Men *Asses*,
Force Rakes to leave their *Whores*—and Beaux their
Glasses;

Make tippling Gamesters Wine and Dice forsake;
And change the griping Miser to a Rake:

Trans-

Transform a crafty Courtier to a Friend,
And teach a snarling Critick to commend. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

SCENE a Room in a Tavern.

Enter Haughty and Drawer:

Haugh. **W**ELL, *Dash*; have you been at College?
and will my Brother *Conundrum* come?

Dash. I can't tell, Sir.—I did not understand his Answer.

Haugh. Very likely, truly——for he's as unintelligible as a *Welsh* Riddle——a perfect *Hearthen Oracle*, begot by *Jupiter Ammon* on the Body of one of the *Sibyls*.——He is more fond of making a Quibble, than making himself understood——and loves his Pun the best of any thing in the World, but his Pipe——or perhaps he spoke *Greek* to thee——Hey?

Dash. I don't know, Sir, what Language it was, but I found 'twas a very hard one, for it had like to have broke my Head.

Haugh. What dost mean?

Dash. Why, he flung a great *Folio* at me, big enough to have knock'd out my Brains, and serv'd for my Tomb-Stone afterwards.

Haugh. How!

Dash. Yes, Sir.——When I came to his Chamber, I found him entrench'd amongst a Parcel of musty old Books, like a Bug in a Bedstead——with half a Dozen Woollen Night-caps on his Head; a short black Pipe in his Mouth; a great pair of Spectacles on his Nose; and a Book in his Hand, as big as himself.

Haugh. His Picture, to the Life?

Dash. I deliver'd my Message——upon which he gets up, without ever looking from his Book——claps on an old Weather-beaten Wig, over his Flannel Steeple, and a rusty square Cap upon that, and so advances towards the Door——when your humble Servant, Sir, not being able to preserve so just a *Decorum* of Face, as becomes

comes a Philosopher, had like to have fell under the Weight of his Displeasure.

Haugh. Just like him---but he'll come---therefore bring us immediately a Bottle of old Port, and another of Cherry-Brandy; [*Exit Drawer.*] for I must give him a Drench, the better to work him to my Purpose.--O! here he comes---and poring over a Book too; ha, ha!--Now does he know no more where he is---than if he were blind-fold, or had been walking in his Sleep.

Enter Conundrum, dress'd as the Drawer had describ'd him; and Reading.

Brother Conundrum! where art, Man?

Con. *Coram, quem quaritis, adsum.*

Haugh. A Murrain on thy Latin! Pr'ythee lay down thy Book [*taking it from him.*] What, this is the Lump of Lumber, thou had'st like to have knock'd down honest Dash with to-day?

Con. Why then, Sir, he would have had the Honour of his Crown's being crackt with too much Learning.

Haugh. Well said! old Conundrum---but come, let us sit down, and take to our Arms.---Which art for, now?---A Glas of old Port, or a Dram of old Cherry?

Con. Why truly, Brother Haughtry, I am *Dramatis Persona*---and know how to play as good a Glas as another.

Haugh. Well, pr'ythee leave off playing the Fool, and let us keep our Greek and Latin, and Puns, and such Stuff, for those that don't know us, to give them an Opinion of our Learning---but let us talk to one another to be understood.

Con. Very well, Sir; then I shall be glad to understand what Business I have here.

Haugh. You shall---*Imprimis*, then; I think it is a Duty incumbent on every Man, as Times go now, to make the best of a bad Market.

Con. *Bene*---

Haugh. And therefore 'tis a very great Happiness to have the Talent of turning seeming Disadvantages into real Emolument; (come, drink off thy Glas) by which means One shall make his Fortune with what would marr Another's.

Con.

Con. Pulcre.

Haugh. (Come, fill again.) An Instance of which I'll give you presently, (but drink first) : most of us Fellows of Colleges think it a great Hardship, you know, to be oblig'd to swear not to marry, without resigning our Fellowships---and now, I---by vertue of that single Article, am leapt into the Laps and Fortunes of three Wives already ; and am just on the Brink of a Fourth, who is worth all the rest---

Con. What, Sir ! have you been guilty then both of Perjury and Polygamy ?--O horrible ! *O monstrum horrendum Ingens !*---

Haugh. Od's bud ! be dumb ; and hear me out.

Con. What is not fit to be done, is not fit to be spoke ; and what is not fit to be spoke, is not fit to be heard ; ergo, I'll not hear another Word---but go instantly and proclaim your Villany to the World.--[*Aside.*] For if he be expelled, I shall get his Place.

Haugh. Ay, do ! and see which of us can proclaim most.

Con. You know no Ill of me, Sir.

Haugh. What!--I don't know that thou got'st thy Mercer's Daughter with Child, and then persuaded her Father to arrest one of thy Pupils, who was in his Debt, and made him marry her, to save himself from Jail---and I did not catch thee one Night in the Porter's Lodge, paying his Wife for letting you in, old *Hircus*, did I not ?

Con. O sad ! O sad !

Haugh. Nay, 'twas *ipso facto*-----Besides, don't I know how much thou hast embezzled of the College-Money, whilst thou wert Steward ?---how many Legacies, which were bequeathed to the College, thou hast put into thy own Pocket---how many of thy Pupils thou hast abominably defrauded, by converting the Money which was sent to thee (by their Friends) for their Use---to thy own---and how horribly thou dost Impose on them, by never giving them any Lectures, nor letting them come nigh thee, but at the Quarter's End, when they are to pay thee for doing nothing.

Con. Sir, this is nothing for your Purpose---for 'tis what many of 'em practise, as well as myself.

Haugh.

Haugh. And for that very Reason they'll be sure to punish thee, for being such a sad Rogue as most villainously to be found out; and therefore, old *Conundrum*, since we know one another so well, the Duce take him that cries Thief first.

Con. Well, Sir, out of Friendship to you, I shall take no farther Notice of this Matter.

Haugh. Why that now is spoke like a Friend---and therefore, to the Business in Hand---You must know, there's a certain old Lady come to Town, who is grown very fond of your humble Servant, and is as rich as *Cræsus*---so that if I could privately, you know what---but first let us drink her Health in a Bumper---come, old *Conundrum*, to my Mistress's Health.

Con. But methinks, Brother *Haughty*, you should leave off while 'tis well.

Haugh. While 'tis well, Man!---why, the more the better: 'Od's my Life! 'tis impossible to have too much of a good Thing; *Exempli Gratia*; if one Glass of Wine's good, two are much better.

Con. Hum!---I must confess I do not see any Fallacy in that Argument---for if one Glass of Sherry [*Drinks.*] is good, I think, indeed, Two [*Drinks.*] are rather better---and so here's to her Health---my Lady--What's her Name?

Haugh. Lady Science---

Con. A very good Name, and some Relation of mine, for the Sciences and *Conundrums* are of the same Family.

Haugh. Say you so!---S'bud! I shall be proud of so good a Relation.---And now, all I wish is that we had just such another honest Friend to marry us---one that I could trust with such a Secret; (come, drink) why, Budikins! suppose you were to do it yourself---s'lid, a comical Thought! and we'll drink a Bumper on it---come---Ha, ha, hey! Why, suppose you did?

Con. But how is that possible, Brother?

Haugh. Why, Troth! very possible; for I am to bring her to College to Morrow Morning, to shew her the Paintings in the Chappel---do you meet me there in a proper Habit; I'll prevail on her to consent; and thou can't

can't commission us to go to Bed together, as well as any Priest of 'em all.

Con. With all my Heart—I like the Frolick, 'tis a very good Scheme--- truly, a very crafty Scheme---

Haugh. Why, troth, old *Conundrum*, it requires a great deal of Genius to manage these things cleverly--- A Man ought to have most of your Natural and Acquired Abilities, to make his Way handsomely thro' the World---He must have Wit to invent, Wisdom to execute, and Magnanimity to suffer Execution---He must understand Logick, to cheat Men of their Senses; Physick, to cheat 'em of their Lives; and Law, to cheat 'em of their Estates---in short, a Man ought to be at least a *Master of Arts*---but if he is a *Doctor of Law*, 'tis better---But come, now we have adjusted Matters, we'll live like our selves--A-ha, old Boy!--here's a Bumper, a-dad! and to pretty *Kitty*, our Landlord's Daughter---Odd! old *Conundrum*, thou hast been quibbling there---there's a young Punster in *Petto*, I'll warrant ye, by this Time---Odd! thou art a very sly---a very close old Fornicator---thou do'st not wear all those Night-caps for nothing. Why do'st not pledge me?

Con. Ha, ha! so I will---verily she has a lovely Eye---Ha, ha! O! 'tis the sweetest little Rogue, and is so fond of me---and then, she has such a lovely Eye, that there is no resisting---*Omnia Vincit amor, & nos cedamus amori.*

Haugh. Well, why dost not drink then?

Con. Ha, ha! O 'tis the pleasantest little Rogue, she does so prattle, and so giggle, and so smile, and so look---verily, she has a lovely Eye.

Haugh. Why, thou art all on fire, Man, and crackle'st like a Bush of withered Briars---come, quench thy self with a Bumper.

Con. No more, no---o---more---my Brains are all a-float already, and my Head---whirls round like a Windmill.

Haugh. Like a Watermill rather, by the noise of thy Clack---[Sings.] *But come, let us drink, &c.*
Come---this Glass---this one Bumper.

Con.

Con. We--we--well--this--this Bumper--and then
with Horace, *Sublimi feriam sidera Vertice.*

[Going to rise hastily, tumbles down.
Enter Drawer.

Dash. Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake remove, for
the Vice-chancellor's in the House, and coming this
way.

Haugh. Sir, if the Chancellor himself was coming,
I would not bate him an Inch.

Enter Vice-chancellor, with Attendants.

Con. What, my o---o---old Friend Mr. Vice--can I am
glad to see so honest a Man.

Vice-chan. I am sorry to see you, Sir, in this Pickle.

Haugh. Pickle, Sir!-----wh--what do you mean
by Pickle, Sir?

Vice-chan. I mean that you are wonderfully drunk,
Sir.

Con. I think you are wonderfully mistaken, Sir-----
for it's no wonder at all for us to be dr--drunk---ergo---
we are not wo-wo-wonderfully drunk.

Haugh. Well said, old Crackenthorp.

Vice-chan. I am sorry for that, Sir.

Haugh. For what, Sir---that you are not so drunk
as we, I suppose.

Vice-chan. Come, come, Gentlemen, such Pro-
ceedings as these are not to be tolerated here --- 'tis
such as you, who are the Cause of any Obloquy we lie
under-----in what manner must we expect to be
talk'd of by the World; if by permitting such Examples
to be set the Youth under our Care, we pervert the very
End and Intention of their coming here?-----it
must inevitably be our Ruin, if not seasonably put a
Stop to---and this Place, which is the daily Parent of
so many brave and bright Spirits, which can boast of
all the noble Advantages both of Art and Nature, for
Education; instead of being longer a Seminary of
Learning and good Manners, would degenerate into a
Nursery of Ignorance and Debauchery---But some
Remedy shall be apply'd, and that speedily too---de-
pend it shall---and for the present, I desire you'll go
about your Business.

Con.

Con. Sir, we are about our Business; and have very nigh done our Business.

Haugh. Ay, and we'll do his Business too, if a w-- will but be easy——Come, Sir, th--this will end all Disputes.

Con. Ay--ay--this will make us agree like the *no-mi-native Case* and the *Verb*——th--this is a true Co-Co-Con-junttion.

Haugh. He-here——sup it up.

Vice-chan. Sir, forbear this Impudence; or——

[Strikes the Glass out of his Hand.

Haugh. Now, Sir, with all Reverence to your Authority——

Vice-chan. Come, Sir! I command you and your Companion there instantly to remove; or I shall find a Method——

Con. Sir, you are a ve-very methodical Gentleman; and therefore that we may the better walk according to Method——I Pre——Sequar Te——

[Exeunt Vice-chan. Haugh. and Con.

Dash. Excellent Governors of Colleges these, and Instructors of Youth! Well, happy are those Gentlemen that can send their Sons to Oxford for Education; for they are in as fair a way to come to Preferment——

Enter Kitty.

Kit. As what? pray, Sir?

Dash. As the Man that marries you, Madam.

Kit. Hah, Sauce-box! But who is that just gone out?

Dash. One Mr. *Conundrum*, Madam, —— if you know such a Man.

Kit. What, my old Paramour?——ha, ha! I shall make that old Sir *Amorous* pay handsomely for doating——you can swear that he promised me Marriage.

Dash. Um——yes, yes, I believe I may venture to swear so——tho' I can't positively say, I remember any thing of the Matter.

Kit. What, Sir, did not I tell you so —— and pray do you question my Veracity?

Dash. No, no, Mrs. Kitty——by no means——if you remember it, I am satisfied——what you'll say, I may swear I think, without any scruple——and now,

we may be familiar without any Danger, Child—for truly, the daily Fears I underwent before, took away half the Pleasure of the thing.

Kit. What Thing?

Dash. Hum!—you can't guess, I warrant you—why, the Play that this is the Prologue to, Child.

[*Kisses her.*]

Kit. Well Buffoon, pry'thee truce with thy Grimace; and tell me instantly what Intelligence you have brought me, from where I sent you last.

Dash. Why, my Lady Science, you must know, is at this Instant, by Mr. Haughty's Recommendation, patching up a Match between her Daughter and old *Mudbrains of Brazen-Nose.*

Kit. Impossible!

Dash. True—and it seems the old Granum that Madam *Vittoria* lived with in the Country, is lately dead; and has left her Ten Thousand Pounds at her own Disposal—but this is a Secret which I suck'd from the Lips of my Lady's Maid—for 'tis conceal'd from *Vittoria*, lest it should make her refuse this Match that's on foot—which she has no great liking to, as it is.

Kit. Very well—these Particulars are worth hearing—but I have another Job for you; and if my Stratagem takes there, my Fortune's made—however, if it should fail, I have my old Gudgeon pretty sure.

[*Sings and Exit.*]

SCENE changes to Lady Science's Lodgings.

Enter Trumore in a Lawyer's Habit.

Tru. Soh!—if I can now but act my Part well enough to escape Discovery, I shall be able to deal with my *Hibernian Hero* in his own Way—nay, in all Probability come off with Success—for surely a Lawyer at any time, is a Match for a Lord—but in the Name of wonder, what Figure is this!—unless it be the Fellow that *Haughty* recommended to my Lady, to be a Husband for her Daughter.—It so, I may do *Gain-love* a piece of Service, by goading the old Ox a little, and sending him home to his Stall again.

Enter

Enter Gainlove dressed like a Fellow of a College.

Gain. How now, who have we here! — I don't like the Looks of this Fellow — there's seldom any Good going forward, where these gangreen'd Limbs of the Law are employ'd.

Tru. Your Servant, Friend.

Gain. Yours, Friend.

Tru. May I be so bold as to enquire, Sir, what Business brings you here.

Gain. Yes, Sir — and I'll be so bold as not to tell you — only that it is no Business of yours.

Tru. That's what I want to be satisfied of — for if I am not mistaken, a young Lady that lodges here, is the Person you would be dealing for.

Gain. Pr'ythee, Lawyer, don't interpose in what does not concern thee; thy Province is to set People together by the Ears; not to join their Hands.

Tru. Then thou dost not know, that joining their Hands is the surest way to set them together by the Ears?

Gain. It generally proves so indeed, where you are the Match-makers — When People are jocky'd into one another in your *Smithfield* manner, 'tis no wonder they often repent of their Bargain; and then, like true Jockies, you are sure to be at hand to foment the Division, that you may have the Advantage of a second Disposal. You watch for a Quarrel, as Undertakers do for a Corpse; and truly, the Man has much better Fortune that falls into their Hands, than yours —

Tru. Good Porpoise, don't pretend to Rallery; for it as much misbecomes thee, as to pretend to Dress: And Wit, in one of thy Station, is as contrary to the Customs of a College, as wearing a lac'd Coat is to the Statutes of it.

Gain. Or — as Honesty is to the Practice of one in thy Station — you half of you deserve rather to suffer the Law, than practise it; for you are in Effect guilty of Felony or wilful Murder every Term; and 'tis surprising to me, why it should be less punishable for a Fellow openly and wittingly to plead for Villany, or interrupt the regular Administration of Justice — than to be formally forsworn, or accessory in a Theft,

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Tru. [*Aside.*] Death! I shall lose my Cause, if I don't take care; I don't find that I can make any Reply to these Accusations.

Gain. What are you silent, Friend?---Sure it must be a miserable Cause indeed, that a Lawyer has not the Assurance enough to defend---Why, this Modesty of thine half perswades me thou art not what thou appear'st to be.

Tru. And this Impudence of thine fully convinces me that thou art what thou appear'st to be---but Hectoring and Disputing is thy Business; and therefore to prevent more Words, I tell you at once that you must forbear to think of *Victoria*, the Right, Title and Claim to her, being vested in a Friend of mine, as shall by this *Instrument* be made to appear. [*Showing his Sword.*]

Gain. Say you so!---but I have a *Syllagism* at hand here, which shall prove your *Instrument*, Sir, to be of no manner of Force; if you are for joining Issue in this manner.

[*Throwing back his Gown to take his Sword; is discover'd by Trumore.*]

Tru. What do I see! is it *Gainlove* all this while?

Gain. The very Individual, by *Jove*!---What, *Ned Trumore* at last? this is a humorous Encounter indeed---and so, like true Lawyers at the Bar, we have been railing and calling Names, without meaning one another any Ill.

Tru. So it proves indeed---but pr'ythee, what can'st thou mean by this Masquerade?

Gain. To make my old Lady believe, if I can, that I am the very Person you took me for---whose Name and Manner having learn'd from *Haughtry's* Description of him; all my Hopes depend upon being before-hand, and getting Possession e'er he appears---and what makes my Stratagem the more feasible is, that I find my Lady is determin'd to have the Marriage consummated this very Night, to prevent any Attempts which might be made to thwart her Design---But what's the Cause of thy Metamorphosis, I beseech thee?

Tru. Why, the Match, you must know, is so nigh concluded between *Clarinda* and this Copy of a Lord---that the Lawyer's Business, and the Parson's, is all that

that remains to be done; now if I can but get my self employ'd about that of the first, I don't question but I shall find Means to prevent the last being done at all; and so have the Merit of delivering her from the Claws of that Harpy.

Gain. But what Prospect have you of putting this notable Scheme in Execution?

Tru. A very fair one; for his Lordship's *Valet de Chambre*, whom, by a little Skill in *Palmistry*, I have drawn to favour my Design, is this Moment to introduce me to him, to receive Orders about the Writings _____ in which, if I don't find a Flaw to my own Advantage _____ I am no Lawyer.

Gain. So, so—why the very Gown has inspir'd thee—but pr'ythee what Account can you find in taking all this Pains about such a giddy, insolent Creature?

Tru. Why, I perceive such an elevated Understanding, pregnant Wit, and noble Sweetness of Temper, shine thro' the Morning Mist, which Youth and a little fashionable Vanity have rais'd about her, that I am still encouraged to persevere, by the lovely Prospect of a glorious Noon.

Enter Servant, who whispers Trumore.

Tru. I am ready to receive his Lordship's Commands.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Well, *Charles*, Success attend you; for I must to my Post.

[*Exit Tru.*]

Gain. And I to mine, for here comes my Examiner.

Enter Lady Science.

Sci. Learned Sir, your most subordinate humble Servant—I am perfectly *Planet-struck* at the recollection of my rude Deportment, in letting you wait so long; but learning from Mr. *Haughty* that you was one of but few Words, I have my self been pleading your Cause to my Daughter, and have prevail'd on her to consent to dispense with the usual Forms, and receive you for a Husband as soon as we have agreed upon the necessary Preliminaries; and so, Sir—(be pleas'd to sit, Sir)—we will with all imaginable Celerity discuss the Affair.

Gain. Bows, and sits down.

Sci. In the first place, Sir—which *Hypothesis* are you of—the *Ptolemaick*, or *Copernican*?

Gain. Madam!—[*Aside.*] I was afraid she was going to ask me what Settlement I could make—and troth I don't know which Question would have puzzl'd me most.

Sci. You may be perhaps surpris'd, Sir, at my manner of interrogating you; but as in the Disposal of my Daughter I am principally concern'd for the Improvement of her intellectual Faculties, I am willing to be satisfy'd of the Abilities of him I chuse for her Tutor.

Gain. Which System? why, the—the——

Sci. The *Copernican*, I suppose you mean, Sir.

Gain. —The *Copernican*.

Sci. For the other is egregiously repugnant both to Reason, and the usual Operations of Nature.

Gain. Egregiously.

Sci. Alas, Sir, I have often bewail'd my Misfortune, in being condemn'd to live on this dirty *Planet*, the Earth. What immense Advantages must the Inhabitants of *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, and *Venus*, have over us, with regard to these Celestial Contemplations.

Gain. Immense.

Sci. [*Aside*] I perceive this is a Man of very great Learning, (for he thinks and saith just as I do.) But pray, Sir, have you any Skill in *Judicial Astrology*—I think it absolutely necessary, for one who has a Family, to be a considerable Proficient in that useful Science.

Gain. Absolutely.

Sci. Then without question you can erect *Schemes*, and calculate *Nativities*, Sir—you are acquainted with the *Conjunctions* and *Oppositions* of the *Planets*, their *Houses* and *Signs*—there is the *Bull*, the *Bear*, the *Ram*, the *Crab*——

Gain. Ay, Madam—and the *Crocodile*, the *Elephant*, the *Rhinoceros*, the *Whale*, the——

Sci. How, how, Sir—the *Crocodile*, the *Elephant*, the *Whale*—I never heard of them before.

Gain. [*Aside.*] So—I have fairly run my self out of Breath.—O, Madam, they—they, they are some of my own Discoveries, Madam—I—I—I—. [*aside.*] S'death I shall make it worse, by and by.

Sci.

Sci. [*Aside.*] I perceive this Gentleman has a small Imperfection in his Speech; that's the reason he is so much given to Taciturnity.—Well, Sir, I have but one thing more to ask you, and you shall be conducted to your Bride.

Gain. [*Aside.*] I wish that one thing don't spoil all the rest.

Sci. Do you think it ever possible to find out the Longitude, Sir?—it is such a vast Profundity, that I fear 'tis beyond the reach of any Man to fathom it.

Gain. A vast Profundity.

Sci. A Man of abundance of Learning! he still saith as I do.—Enough, Sir, you have got the *Ascendant* over all my Doubts and Scruples, and shall be Lord of my Daughter's *Ascendant* as soon as you please—I wish she were in better Condition indeed, before I had put her into your Hands—the Thing has some homogeneal Qualities in her—but alas, she is a Girl—a mere Girl—however, I don't question, Sir, but you will use your utmost Endeavours to make her more like her Mother.

Gain. I will use my utmost Endeavours.

Sci. But to compensate, in some measure, for her Defect in *Quality*, she will bring you, Sir, I assure you, an ample *Quiddity*—for to ten thousand Pounds which a Relation lately left her at her own disposal, I will add Ten more, at my disposing of her—and so, Sir, be pleas'd to walk in, for by this time every thing is ready for the Nuptial Ceremony——

As they are going out Ape—all Enters.

Ape. Is there so, i'gad—but I forbid the Banns tho', old Lady, for I intend to have your Daughter my self.

Sci. You have my Daughter, *Will O Wisp!*—you shall have nothing to say to my Daughter—nor any body else, but whom this young Gentleman pleases.

Ape. A hopeful Youth indeed of Threescore and Ten!

[*Going to him.*]

Gain. If the Fool should know me, I'm undone.

[*Aside.*]

Ape. Why, do you think your Daughter will ever take up with such an old, fusty, bandy-Leg'd Broomstick as this—when she can have such a young, gay, strait-limb'd Fellow as I am?—Oh Lud, O Lud! here's

a Man-Tyger to be coupled to a Lamb, here's a Hog in Armour to grunt by a young Lady, and scrub a soft Skin—here's a Budget of—[*Turns him round; His Coat bursts open, and a Pillow drops from him.*] ha! of foul Linnen i'gad I think—Hey-day! my Friend Gainlove—why, what's the Meaning of this, my Dear?

Gain. You shall find presently, my Dear.

[*Draws his Sword.*]

Ape. No, I thank you, my Dear, I have found enough already not to stay any longer. [*Runs off.*]

Sci. O ye Celestial Bodies!—A Brazen-Nose-Fellow indeed!—Bless us, how have I been impos'd on, what a Chaos of Confusion have I nigh been immers'd in, by my heedless Precipitation!—Ah! these are your Discoveries—your Elephant and Crocodile, thou Pseudomagus!—but I'll go and secure the Crocodile within—I wonder'd she was so flexible indeed—O my Stars!—I am in an universal Fermentation at the Thoughts of it—every Nerve and Fibre in my Frame is put into a Vibration with the Fright—but I'll soon incapacitate her from giving me any more Perturbation.

[*Exit Science.*]

Gain. Death and Distraction!

Enter Trumore in a Hurry.

Tru. Fire and Furies!

Gain. To be discover'd by an Afs, an Ideot, a Puppy!

Tru. To be out-witted by a Fool, a Coxcomb, a Cheat!

Gain. I could eat my Fingers for Madness.

Tru. I could dash out my Brains for my Folly.

Gain. What, Ned! I hope thou hast had better Success than I.

Tru. O vast Success—S'death! I am ashamed to tell thee—that Fellow is the Devil himself.

Gain. How so?

Tru. Why, tho' I pass'd on him for what I seem'd, was directly bargain'd with to forge Writings to the value of five Thousand a Year, and (*Clarinda coming in at the same time*) had the most critical Opportunity of discovering both my self and his hellish Villany; yet was he Master of so much devilish Cunning, as to turn all to his own Advantage, and my Confusion—for they

they both fell upon me, and rallied me, in such an execrable manner, that I was oblig'd to retreat in the utmost Disorder—when her Ladyship very charitably resolv'd to marry him to-morrow Morning, to prevent my being at any farther Trouble in the Affair—but come along with me to my Lodgings, and I'll tell thee the Particulars, for the Coxcomb I see is coming this way full of Triumph on his Success.

[*Exeunt Gainlove and Trumore.*]

Enter Shamwell.

Sham. Ha, ha!—ha, ha! If I don't give a-loose to my Laugh, I shall burst like an over-blown Bladder—poor Colonel *Wiseacre*, ha, ha!—he durst not stand me, I see—I have sent him a packing as Conjurers do a Ghost, with a Whirlwind i'faith—Well, I'm a lucky Fellow hitherto—I sail in the Teeth of Wind and Tide, and yet have a fair Prospect of gaining my Point—I am got already to the Cape of *Good-Hope*, and to-morrow I hope to pass the Line. And then—Safe's the Word, i'gad; if all must come out, why so let it—I shall not be much discompos'd by it—Blushing is an awkward piece of *English* Breeding we know nothing of——'tis a Maxim with us,

That Poverty's the greatest Shame or Sin,

And those have the most right to Laugh, who Win.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Walks.*

Enter Ape-all with a Letter.

HANG me, if I was ever so transported in all my Life! I can scarce believe my own Eyes, i'gad—Let me see——

[*Reads.*]

S I R,

IF you are the generous Gentleman I take you for, you will be ready to deliver a young Lady from the Tyranny of an unnatural Mother, who would compel her to marry a
Man.

Man she detests.—If you find you have Resolution enough for the Enterprize, meet me at Eleven on the Walks, where, by the Surrender of my self and Fortune (which is now not inconsiderable) into your Hands, I shall be ready to prove how much I am your fond Admirer,

Victoria.

Fond Soul! 'tis a pity thou should'st lose thy Longing, indeed: But what's this in the Postscript!

P. S. *It being the Fashion of late for People of Distinction to be marry'd in Masquerade, I don't question but you'll willingly comply with my wearing a Veil, 'till the Rites are over.*

Hum!—I don't like that tho'—I should hate to take a Woman, like a Hawk, with her Head in a Bag, i'gad; but hold! 'tis the Fashion, it seems—nay, then, tho' she had ne'er a Head at all, *Ape-all* would come into it. And now I shall be able to deal with Mrs. Kitty, I hope—Ha, ha! I should marry her—nothing would serve but I must marry her, forsooth—I think I shall have her now, fore-stroke and back, i'gad!—

Enter Trumore.

Colonel Trumore!—dear Colonel Edward Trumore of the Horse-Guards! give me thy Hand, and hold me fast, or I shall jump over the Moon for Joy.

Tru. Ay!—pray what is it makes you so alert this Morning?

Ape. As you are a Friend, my dear, you shall know—then i'gad 'tis—something—that's inexpressible—

Tru. Nav, then I'm satisfy'd.

Ape. And so am I, Sir—for I am greater than *Alexander*—wiser than *Aristotle*, richer than a Poet in Imagination, and happier than a Man that has buried his Wife—and, to sum up all in one Word—but, hark you, my Dear—I'gad I don't know what I was going to say;—this Torrent of Joy has so broke down the Flood-gates of my Reason, and overwhelm'd the whole Province of my Imagination, that I shall not be able to utter a single Syllable to-day.

Tru. Not a Syllable to the Purpose, I believe, indeed.

Ape. Where's your Friend Mr. Gainiore, Colonel?—Gad! I don't know how I shall come off with him—he can never forgive me, that's certain.

Tru.

Tru. Why, what have you done to provoke his Repentment?

Ape. I have done nothing at all, Sir—but am just going to do what never can be undone—and what he would give his Soul to do himself—and yet never shall do—in short, I am this Moment going to be married to his Mistress *Victoria*.

Tru. In Imagination—alias, Poetically, I presume.

Ape. Ha, ha!--No, no, my Dear, in *propria Persona*; really, solidly, and substantially, as you may see, if you won't take my Word for't—[*Giving him the Letter.*] But I'm on the Wings of Love and Expectation, and will expect your Congratulation when my Happiness is compleated. [Exit *Ape*—all.]

Tru. Troth! I begin to think he has more Wit than I imagined, and is mad in earnest—this may give me some Light. [*Reading.*] Hum—it doth not look altogether so much like Madness methinks, neither, now I have examin'd it closer—S'Life! where's *Charles*?

Enter Gainlove.

Gain. Here I am—but, O *Ned*! such a Misfortune!

Tru. Hum———What's the Matter now, Man?

Gain. Why, *Vittoria* fearing that her Mother would oblige her immediately to marry the Fellow which *Haughty* recommended, has made her Escape this Morning, with one Servant, and can no where be found.

Tru. Then I tell thee, she is a Woman, and not worth finding.

Gain. 'Tis false; she has nothing of a Woman in her Composition; she's an Angel!———an Angel, Man; Lovely, and gay as the enamell'd Valley,
When blooming Nature first serenely smil'd,
And gave to ev'ry Flower a double Lustre.
Rich, and luxurious as the Fruit of Autumn,
When ripen'd by the Sun's indulgent Warmth,
It blushing yie'ds, resistless to the Touch;
Yet cold, and chaste, as is the Northern Ocea
When Winter locks its frozen Bosom up,
Against the Mariner's invading Oar.

Tru. Ha, ha! pray go on—can't you descant a little on her Constancy too—Constant as Winds———

Gain.

Gain. Forbear—nothing can equal that.

Tru. In troth, I believe not.

Gain. Nature may die, and the sick Sun give o'er its radiant Course—but—

Tru. Nay, here's a *But* will stop your Course, I believe; [*Gives him the Letter.*] Read that—and instead of lamenting her Escape, rejoice for your own.

Gain. [*Reading.*] Young Lady—unnatural Mother—marry a Man she detests!—at Eleven in the Walks—myself—Fortune—not inconsiderable—your fond Admirer—*Victoria*—Hah! pray how came you by this?

Tru. The happy Man to whom you see it is directed, gave it me, to convince me of the Truth of what I would not believe from him; and thro' his Ecstasy and Haste to embrace the Assignment, left it in my Hands—I can't tell you how much it amazed me; and I'm half persuaded there's some Trick in it—Do you know her Hand?

Gain. No—but the Particulars in the Letter, which no body else could be well acquainted with, and her absconding at the same time, depriv'd me of all Hopes, that it can be any other than what it appears.

Tru. What could induce her?

Gain. Inducements sufficient, *Ned*—four thousand a Year, and a Fool—Yet, who would think a Fiend could put on such an Angel's Face—but Women, I find, have the Seeds of Dissimulation in 'em, as naturally as a Flint has those of Fire—and if they don't appear, 'tis only for want of being struck.

Tru. They are all born natural Courtiers, for their Hearts and Tongues are in continual Contradiction to each other—and if they ever speak Truth, 'tis only when they would have you believe they are telling a Lie.

Gain. But I must do something more than prate on the Subject——this is about the Time of Appointment, as well as the Place; let us walk this way, and watch their Motions. [*Exeunt Gainlove and Trumore.*

Enter Victoria and Maid.

Vict. Was he gone out, do you say?

Maid. Yes, Madam—but I gave your Ladyship's

Ship's Letter to his Servant, with a strict Injunction to deliver it to him as soon as possible.

Vic. Well, let me think a little what I am doing—may I not justly tax myself with Rashness in flying from my Relations, without either Fortune or Friend to support me, nothing to encourage me, but the Confidence I have in the Fidelity of one Man, who is yet unacquainted with the Matter, and who, when he knows it, may possibly forsake me.—if so, I am undone—and should not I have been equally so, in being forc'd to marry contrary to my Inclinations?—Why yes—But, oh my Stars! I see him coming this way—sure, my good Angel has sent him, for on this Interview depends the Happiness of all my future Days.

Enter Gainlove.

O Sir! I am heartily glad to see you.

Gain. That's false—as she that spoke it.

Vic. What do you mean, Sir?—Who do you take me for?

Gain. Take you for!—why, a fall'n Angel—no, no, I wrong you; for a Woman, I mean—a fair, smiling, tempting, treacherous Woman; that, like Milton's Apple, have a lovely Look, but whoever catches at you, meets a bitter Morsel. You are like a Globe, on the Out-side of which the Face of Heaven is painted, but all within is dark and hollow.

Vic. Your Words and Actions are all a Riddle to me, Sir.

Gain. Your Words and Actions are all a Riddle to me, Madam.

Vic. I am as much surpriz'd, Sir, at the manner of this Treatment, as I am ignorant of the Cause of it.

Gain. You know no Cause, then!

Vic. Not any——by all the Truth that is in Woman!

Gain. You take care not to be forsworn, I see—but I am fully satisfy'd——this peremptory Denial of your Fallhood, is as strong a Proof of it as a thorough Confession——and to acknowledge nothing of your base Confederacy to fool me, is to acknowledge it all.

G

Vic.

Vict. Falshood! — Confederacy! — to whom? — with whom — who do you suspect?

Gain. None, by Heaven! — a Creature beneath my suspicion; but I have Conviction — fond *Victoria* — you redden, Madam; I'm amaz'd at that.

Vict. If I do, Sir, 'tis thro' Indignation, not Guilt. — No, base Man, the only Thought which can give me Confusion, is a Reflection on the too favourable ones I have had of you; but I deserve it — I might have known you before. — I don't wonder — Wretches like thy self, when disappointed in their Attempt on a Woman's Virtue, are watchful, out of Revenge, to blast her Reputation.

Gain. Don't ruffle yourself too much, Madam — you'll not be in a proper Disposition to receive your Deliverer, if you do — I'll leave you to compose your self, that you may meet him as you ought — [*Aside.*] But I may return to part you again, sooner than you imagine. [*Exit Gain.*]

Vict. Ruin! — Ruin! — infamous, irretrievable Ruin! — No, it is not yet too late — I will meet him as I ought, I'll return, *Lucy*, this Moment — throw my self into my Mother's Disposal, and marry the detested Creature she has chose for me — better that — any thing, than lie at the Mercy of a Wretch like this — O! 'tis nothing but a mean Contrivance to shift me off his Hands — Credulous Fool that I was, to expect any other — but I'll be reveng'd of my Self for being so. — But see, we are interrupted; let us take a Turn in this Walk, and consider what to do. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ape-all, and Kitty in a Veil.

Kitty. Is every thing ready, Sir?

Ape. Yes, yes, my Dear, every thing's ready, the Ring and Licence in my Pocket, and the Parson will be there as soon as we.

Re-enter Gainlove.

Gain. And may be sooner, Sir — for you have some Business with me, before you go there — you must make a Lane thro' me, before you can run away with my Mistress; and so draw, Sir.

Ape. I'gad this is very odd, Mr. *Gainlove*, that a Lady may not marry whom she pleases, for all you — but
if

if I must fight, Sir, it shall be in a fashionable manner, Sword and Pistol, Sir; and we'll fire our Pistols in the Air, as other Gentlemen do; [*Aside.*] that the Noise of 'em may bring People to part us.

Gain. With all my Heart, Sir—I am prepared for you that way; here, take your Choice—

[*Shewing a Brace of Pistols.*]

Ape. Hum! I did not think he had 'em so ready tho' [*Aside.*] You'll let me take my Choice, you say—— you'll stick to that—Hey?

Gain. Ay, ay!

Ape. Then I don't chuse e'er a one of 'em, i'gad!—and so you may keep your Shot to clean your empty Bottles, Sir.

Gain. Come, no Fooling—either take this, or resign the Lady.

Ape. Nay, if I must do one—I'll resign, i'gad—for I had always a natural Antipathy to being shot thro' the Gizzard, or run thro' the Guts;——and as my rescuing the Lady was at her own Request;—since she has got another Champion—I am her most devoted humble Servant.

Kitty. [*Aside.*] Humble enough, faith; but I must soon interpose, or all will be lost——[*To Gainlove.*] Pray, Sir, what's the Reason you usurp the Authority of disputing my Choice? if you must bluster, let it be at me—here, spit your Venom in my Face.

[*Turns him round, and discovers her self.*]

Gain. Ha!—nay, then I'll spoil no Sport—but hear me, was it you that wrote the Letter to him, sign'd Victoria?

Kitty. It was.

Gain. Enough—Observe me a little, and I'll bring all off. Your Choice, do you say—is that Thing your Choice?

Kitty. Yes, Sir, he is—what have you to object to it?

Ape. Right, Madam—pray what have you to object to that, Sir?

Gain. Not a Tittle, by *Jove*!—you are at free Liberty, Sir, to take her, when you please—for I shall never think a Woman worth contesting for, who can

awow such Weakness in her Judgment. [*Aside.*]
But I must fly to find the wrong'd *Victoria*.

[*Exit Gainlove.*]

Ape. Very well—very well, Sir,—'twas well you went as you did.

Kitty. For you it was—you are a fine Guardian, o' my word to forsake your Charge at the first glimpse of Danger——I am sorry to find to what a one I fled for Protection.

Ape. O Madam, you are deceiv'd in me.—— you don't know me, I see—'twas all Stratagem—— keen Stratagem, Madam. I knew very well, if I refus'd to fight he had nothing more to say; 'twas not the Pleasure of enjoying your Ladyship, but the Honour of shooting me thro' the Head, that he wanted—No, no, he is one of your raking Bullies, that are more desirous of sending a Man out of the World, than bringing one into it, i'gad.

Kitty. Well, Sir, if you assure me 'twas only a Stratagem——

Ape. Nothing else—— nothing else in the whole World; and therefore, my Dove, let us lose no Time.

[*Exeunt Ape-all and Kitty.*]

Enter Old Ape-all disguis'd like a Parson, and Timothy.

Old Ape-all. Well, *Timothy*, will it do, dost think, hey?—— won't the Rogue know me, dost think?

Tim. 'Twill do, 'twill do, Sir—— know you!—— I don't know you my self—— you make as good a Priest as any in *England*, Sir—— you look as big, and walk as hobling, as any Arch-deacon.

Old Ape. I fear I shall never be able to go thro' with it—— gads my Life, I shall knock the Dog on the Head, instead of joining his Hands—— an unnatural Puppy—— to rejoice so openly at the News of my Death—— he might have put on a black Coat and Hat-band however—— tho' he had been no more concern'd than an Undertaker—— And yet I don't know any reason he had to be glad of my Death, I never stinted him in any thing, but have often stinted my self for his sake, I contriv'd for him—— scrap'd for him—— liv'd for him—— breath'd for him.

Tim.

Tim. Ay, Sir, that was your Fault—— you breath'd too long for him—— But may I be so bold as to ask, what made you chuse to be dead to him now?

Old Ape. Why, you must know, *Timothy*, he is lately come to Age—— upon which (out of Fatherly Fondness, and that he might have no Cause to wish me gone) I resolv'd to let him have a Thousand Pounds a Year at his own Disposol; but being desirous, before I settled it on him, to know which way his Inclinations would lead him to spend it —— I thought his Belief of my Death would be the best means of letting me into the Secret——

Tim. 'Tis an old Saying Master, that Hearkeners hear no Good of themselves.

Old Ape. I have prov'd the Truth on't —— I have prov'd the Truth on't indeed —— and I heartily wish I had continued in the dark. Tho' I must confess, *Timothy*, 'tis a Judgment on me, for my Usage of his elder Brother; ay, poor *Charles* would not have serv'd me so —— no, he would not have serv'd me so —— and yet I never us'd him in the manner I did this thankless Blossom —— but I deserve it —— an unnatural Father, *Timothy*, deserves an unnatural Son.

Tim. Well, Sir, but it signifies nothing to grieve for what's past Recal. Master *Charles* is dead now, it seems.

Old Ape. Ay, he is dead indeed —— and I wish this were so too. But couldst not thou learn, *Timothy*, who it is that the Rantipole is going to marry.

Tim. No, Sir, —— he came home in a strange Hurry, and his own Man being out of the way, bid me run and bring him the first Parson I could meet —— and so, coming to acquaint your Worship with it, as I was order'd to do every thing that pass'd, you took a fancy it seems to commence *Levite* your self —— this is all I know of the matter.

Old Ape. What if the Rascal should have snap'd up some Woman of Virtue and Fortune, *Timothy*, hey —— if he should after all —— hey —— adad I shall be ready to forgive him all.

Tim. O Lud! O Lud! what! in *Oxford*, Sir? —— I tell you, Master, you might sooner find a Virtuous

Woman

Woman in *Drury-Lane*, or a Fortune in *Rag-Fair*——
 no, no, I know this Place too well for that—— I
 I was forc'd to run away from it my self for fear of be-
 ing ravish'd.

Old Ape. Thou art severe on them, Sirrah—— but
 come along, let us be punctual to the Time appointed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gainlove and Victoria.

Gain. Dear *Victoria*, I can express my Gratitude only
 by Silence: no Words can equal the Goodness of, for
 kindly pardoning a Rashness which I shall never for-
 give my self.

Vict. Oh, Sir! I think Mistakes of this nature merit
 a Pardon, for I look upon Jealousy (if it has but any
 Foundation) as only a Mark of a more violent Esteem;
 and therefore all we have to do, is to laugh at the Occa-
 sion of it——

Gain.—— And prevent any such for the future, by
 putting it out of the reach of human Force to separate
 us more.

Vict. I doubt that would be making such a Mistake,
 as we should never have reason to laugh at.

Gain. Ne'er fear, my Angel—— if our Appetites are
 keen, let us ev'n Feast on what we love; and not
 (like timorous Fools) Starve our selves for fear there
 should be Poison in the Dish.

Vict. Ay, but Matrimony is a very insipid Dish,
 when there is no Sauce to it.

Gain. Love, Love, Madam, like Hunger is the on-
 ly Sauce——

Vict.—— Which you must expect with me—— For-
 tune I have none, but what my Lady pleases; and af-
 ter what is past, my Dependance there's but small——
 I would have you therefore consider coolly of this De-
 ficiency, and if you find your stock of Love sufficient
 to ballance it——

Gain. We may say Grace, and fall on,——

Vict. Perhaps we may.

Gain. But I must first let you into some Circumstan-
 ces, Madam, which I perceive you are not yet appriz'd
 of, and which may probably give a turn to your present
 Disposition—— however I cannot in Honour conceal
 them

them from you. To begin then—tho' I appear to you, and the rest of the World, as a Gentleman of Fortune, I am nothing but a beggarly Prodigal, not worth a Goat. I came indeed of a good Family, and was Heir to a good Estate — but on some Misunderstanding I run away from my Father, and he disinherited me. — [*Aside.*] Ha! she changes Colour.

Vick. Then, Sir, farewell; for now I can't consent—

Gain. I perceive, Madam, this Declaration has the Effect on you, I fear'd, and 'tis but reasonable it should — much more, when you know that you are absolute Mistress of Ten Thousand Pounds, which was left you by a Relation who lately dy'd in the Country, as I learnt from my Lady, when I pass'd on her in Disguise.

Vick. Then, Sir, I am yours again — for the only Reason of my declining just now, was, that I resolv'd never to make a Man I esteem'd miserable, which must have been the Consequence of Poverty on both sides.

Gain. Generous Creature! I blush to think how far I'm distanc'd by you. But my whole Life to come —

Vick. Cease complimenting, Sir, and show your Approbation of my Offer, by letting the Gentleman who is coming towards us ratify it.

[*Old Ape-all crosses the Stage.*]

Gain. Hah! the very Person, o' my Conscience, that has been coupling 'Squire Ape-all and his Nun — come then, my Charmer, and fix me yours for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Clarinda and Shamwell.*]

Clar. Where would you have me go, my Lord?

Sham. To the next Church, my Angel.

Clar. O fye upon you — you would not have one be guilty of so much Rashness sure — how bravely the World would babble, on such an Occasion.

Sham. Ratt the World, I thank my Stars, I am superiour either to its Censure or Applause — and I think there is nothing so peculiar to People of Condition, as to despise the Impotent Talk of the envious Populace.

Clar. Say you so? why then — here comes the Colonel *bien a propos*, to give me his Advice in the Case.

[*Enter*]

Enter Trumore.

You must know, Mr. *Trumore*, that my Lord here insists on a whimsical kind of a Promise, I made him in a hurry it seems Yesterday before you—— to—— to—— to marry him, I think he will have it, this Morning. Now shall I do it—— or shall I not do it?

Tru. Really, Madam, 'tis a thing so very indifferent to me, that——

Clar. O ay, I would not for the World but think it was; for where People are prejudic'd any way, you know, one ought to be cautious how one relies on their Judgment.

Tru. True, Madam—— and when People are prejudic'd against any one, you know that Man has very little reason to imagine his Counsel will be treated with more Respect than his Person, and therefore ought in Prudence to be as cautious how he gives it.

Clar. Do you hear him now!— was there ever such an unreasonable Wretch? when I am desiring to be determin'd by him, in one of the most important Passages in Life, to accuse one of Disrespect.

Sham. Let him alone, give him over, Madam; you find 'tis in vain to expect to please him.

Clar. O!— he never is to be pleas'd; the more Pains one takes about him, still the more discontented he is.

Sham. Stupid Mortal!

Clar. Insensible Creature! ha! ha!— how monstrous uncomplaisant it is now in him, to be so inflexibly grave, when every body else is dispos'd to be merry—— it makes him look like a Country *Maypole*, that's motionless and mute, tho' never so many dance about it, ha! ha.

Sham. Ha! ha! ha! Dear Colonel, you'll pardon my being so merry; but I can't help it, 'faith, I have an insuperable Inclination to laugh this instant, ha! ha!

Tru. I don't wonder at it—but for you, Madam, I fear your Gaiety will soon be quash'd— and you'll be convinc'd, when it's perhaps too late, that you have plac'd both
your

your Fame and Fortune in the Hands of a beggarly Impostor, who is Bankrupt of either—

Cla. What is all this Bustle about? what would the Creature be at---may not I take a Man I like, tho' he were never so Indigent? have not I Thirty Thousand Pounds? and won't Thirty Thousand Pounds keep a Couple alive, that have Love to help to support 'em?

Sham. Ah, Madam, Love is all in all; that would supply the want of almost every thing else.

Cla. O, 'tis *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*! one may live like Gods on it---and therefore, my Lord, if there be any thing in this, which he pesters one about, why frankly let us into the Truth of the Matter---your generously acknowledging that you are not Master of the Fortune you would willingly be thought, will strengthen, rather than otherways, the Opinion I have of you already; and should be so far (I give you my Honour) from retarding in the least my present Intention, that I would instantly put it in Execution, on purpose to be reveng'd on that Refractory Thing there.

Tru. O brave Woman!--Good nature is so very powerful in that Sex, that they would hang or drown themselves with Pleasure, only to give another an Hour's Uneasiness.

Sham. [*Aside*] As it must be known---why it will look more generous on my Side to confess beforehand---and she is so smitten with my Person, that there is no Danger of her receding---Well, Madam, I will show you then the Excess of my Passion for you, by the Hazard I run to comply with your Request---and therefore, frankly acknowledge that I am but a younger Brother, and have hitherto play'd the Counterfeit, with regard to my Title and Estate; tho' I have been sincere in my Love.

Cla. Why that's honourable and open now; and instead of altering my Opinion of you, as I told you before---it convinces me that you are what I then took you for---a Villain.

Sham. How!

Tru. Hah!

Cla. I from the first saw thro' your Cobweb Artifice, but not being able to prove your Villany on you,
Look

I took this Method to draw a Confession of it from your own Mouth,—and that you may be recompenced according to your Merit, (come in there) [*Enter two Servants*] here, take this Rascal into Custody, that he may be punished with the utmost Severity for a flagrant Impostor.

Sham. Soh! I have made a pretty Expedition of it indeed!—I shall have a lovely Account to give my Owners of my Voyage. [*Exit, let out by the Servants.*]

Clar. And for you, Sir—since you have plagu'd me to that prodigious degree—since you have persecuted me with such unreasonable and unmerited Accusations—that I may be as inveterate in my Revenge—I here positively declare, and give you my Hand on it, that I'll—marry you as soon as possible—and now, pray Sir, what have you to say for your self?

Tru. I cannot speak, Madam, for Astonishment.

Cla. Nay, then I must leave you,—for I would no sooner chuse to converse with the Dumb, than the Dead—and when you are come to yourself—(if you are not too much afraid of what may follow) why then you may come to me. [*Exit.*]

Tru. Nay, when I have so favourable an Opportunity, if I failed to join Issue I ought to be nonsuited.

[*Exit Trumore.*]

SCENE *Lady Science's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Science, Haughty, and Conundrum in a Parson's Habit.

Sci. Your Reasons, Sir, for concealing our Nuptials are ponderous enough; and if you are sure of your Friend here, I believe you will meet with no Difficulty, but what may be surmounted with Facility.

Con. Verily, Madam, the Promise of a Bishoprick should not extort the minutest Syllable of it from me.

Haugh. No, no, I dare swear not.

Sci. But, dear Sir, what Course can I take to recover my Daughter—I am in a Labyrinth of Perplexities about that abortive Gipsy—I am in such a Mist of Distractions, I know not which way to turn me.

Enter

Enter Ape-all leading Kitty mask'd.

Ape. O! I'll find a Clue to your Labyrinth, old Lady—here's a dark Lanthorn to light you out of your Perplexities—here's a Sun under a Cloud, that will clear away your Mist for you,

Sci. Why, hast thou then deluded my Daughter, thou *Ignis Fatuus*? hast thou run away with her at last, thou *Jack with the Lanthorn*?

Ape. No, no!—But she deluded me—she run away with me, that's the same thing.

Sci. Hah! answer me Hussy, hast thou been such an irrational Maukin—pull off your Gipsy's Face, you Slut you! do.

Ape. Hark you, Madam, don't abuse my Wife—Slut, quotha! i'gad let me tell you, she has done a cleaner thing than you'll ever do while your Bellows blow, old Lady.

Kit. [Throwing off her Veil.] As for Example.—

Ape. Ay, ay, as for—hey! a Gipsy's Face indeed!

Haugh. Who's this, Mrs. *Kitty*, my Landlord's Daughter?

Kit. Even so, Sir.

Con. [Aside.] Verily, I am glad she's so well off my Hands.

Ape. I am struck dumb!—I am hang'd, I am drawn, I am quarter'd.

Con. 'Tis enough indeed to make a Man cry out stoutly, to be struck dumb.

Ape. Now if drowning and Thooting one's self was not out of Fashion, I would go directly and cut my Throat—Look ye, Mrs. *Grape-Juice*, you had better been easy as you were; for I shall lead you a plaguy Life, a very scurvy Life, as I hope to live.

Kit. Then we shall live the more like Man and Wife, my Dear.

Haugh. I thought what your turning Rake and Fop would come to, Youngster; and your Insolence to your Seniors, Sirrah!

Sci. Nothing better could be expected from such a flagitious Contemner of the divine Sciences.

Con. *In Amore omnia hac insunt Vitia!* But who are these

Enter

78 *The Humours of Oxford.*

Enter Gainlove and Victoria, and kneel to Lady Science.

Gain. Your Blessing, Madam.

Sci. Get up, Sir——what would you be at—who are you?

Gain. Your Son-in-law, Madam, by Marriage with this Lady, who I presume is your Daughter.

Sci. I presume not, Sir, if she has married you.

Vict. The Dread of being forc'd into the Arms of that loathsome Monster you design'd me Madam——has drove me to do what I should never else have done, without your Approbation; and which (since 'tis past recal) I hope you'll pardon.

Sci. Pardon!—No, I disown you, Hussy!—you are no Child of mine. I profess, Mr. *Hanghty*, I have often thought she was no Off-spring of mine; for notwithstanding all the Lectures I have given her in Astronomy and Philosophy, she was never a scruple the wiser for 'em-- but she'll be glad to turn Philosopher now, I warrant her--- yes, you must turn Peripatetick, Hussy! and beg for your Subsistence. Your *Damon* there will soon forsake you, when he finds there is nothing to be had.

Gain. Not while the Ten Thousand Pound Legacy lasts, Madam.

Ape. Ah, Poison! that should have been mine by right.

Gain. O! Mr. *Ape-all*—you'll give me leave to congratulate you, now your Happiness is compleated, Sir? ha, ha!

Vict. You have finish'd your Studies now, Sir, indeed—you may leave the University as soon as you please.

Ape. Ay, I have studied to some Purpose, I'faith—I have got a lovely Body of Learning to carry off with me—a whole Folio of delicate Romance, i'gad!—Pray, Madam *Cassandra*, how often have you been lent out to read?—you have been plaguily turn'd over and thumb'd, I warrant you!—if she had been but well bound and gilt, she might have pass'd Muster; but Trumpery without and within both is the Devil and all his Works.—'gad I shall certainly run mad with the Thoughts

Thoughts of it—I'll go shut my self up in a Library, and study this Fortnight, to mortify me for my folly.

Kit. I'll go along with you, Child—and I warrant you'll stand in need of no other Mortification.

[Going out, they meet Old Ape-all entering.

Ape. Oh! a Ghost! a Ghost!

[Runs backward, and falls down.

Old Ape. (Standing over him with a Cane.) No, Sirrah! 'tis no Ghost, as you shall feel; you Dog!

(Striking him.

Gain. Hold, Sir!—by what Authority do you do this?

Old Ape. By the Authority of a Father, Sir.

Gain. This is amazing!—why, I thought Mr. Ape-all's Father had been dead?

Ape. Ay, ay, so he is (getting up.) Pray call a Parson, for 'tis the Devil indeed—

Old Ape. No, no, there's no need of a Parson—I can serve you in that Capacity my self, on Occasion, as I did when I married you to your *Queen of Trumps* there—but the Lady may go behind the Bar to scoring again, if she pleases; for as I intend you shall travel, Sir, you'll scarce have any occasion to carry such a jilting-Baggage as that with you.

Conun. Why, truly, when a Gentleman travels, the less Baggage he is troubl'd with—the better.

Old Ape. And there's your Licence, Madam, which by a little Alteration, will serve for another Husband, when you can get him.

Ape. Nay, be it Father or Devil, so he rid's me of my Wife I shall be very well contented, i'gad.

Kit. Soh! One String is snap'd, but I'll secure the other. (Exit Kitty.

Gain. S'life, *Victoria*, what will become of us?

Vitt. I am dying with Apprehension.

Old Ape. O! here's another Couple, I see, that would press me to the Service to-day, contrary to my Inclination—but notwithstanding the great Haste, Sir, you was then in, I imagine by this time you are willing enough to be released?

Gain. Your Imagination, Sir, is as ridiculous as your

Declaration is impertinent—for I am not, nor never will.

Sci. (*dragging away her Daughter.*) By the seven Stars, but you shall, Sir!----- come here, Hussy-----I'll take care you shall not make such a Deviation any more--- Well, Mr. *Haughty*, I am quite overcome by the Superabundancy of my Joy-----Dear Sir, I am your Slave from the *Zenith* to the *Nadir*-----what Retaliation can I make you for this Act of Supererrogation-----Pray, Sir, favour me with your Name, and Place of Residence, that I may investigate every way to make you a Requital.

Old Ape. My Name, Madam, (if it will be any Satisfaction to you to know it) is *Marmatch Ape-all*--and my Place of Abode, *Priest-Hall* in the County of *Wilts*.

Gain. Ha! astonishing!-----Pray answer me, Sir: Was your Name always *Ape-all*?

Old Ape. No, Sir; my Name was *Charles Marmatch*; but by the Will of a Relation (who on that Condition left me Three Thousand Pounds a Year) I was oblig'd to change it.

Gain. Thus prostrate, Sir, I ask your Blessing and Forgiveness.

Old Ape. Hah, what is't I feel affects me so---Rise, Sir---O Heav'ns, who do I see!

Gain. Your undutiful Son, *Charles Marmatch*, Sir---Who left your House, and discarded your Name---But if sincere Contrition for my Folly---

Old Ape. No more---no more---it is, it is my Boy---my *Charles*, my *Charles*---my eldest, only Boy!

(*Embracing him.*)

Ape. Hey, my Brother---nay, then I don't wonder he had such an Inclination to shoot me thro' the Head.

Old Ape. My Joy and Surprize together, will scarce let me speak to thee---but what---why thou art like one from the Grave to me, my Boy---I heard you was dead and buried, Years ago.

Gain. That was my own Contrivance, Sir---for I chang'd my Name, and at the same time spread a Report that I was dead, in order to disappoint any Inquiry which might be made concerning me---concluding,
after

after what I had done, you could never forgive me.

Old Ape. Forgive thee!—Why, I could never forgive my self for using thee as I did—but I am too slow in beginning to make thee some Amends—hark you, my Boy, dost love that young Lady?

Gain. More than my Health, my Life, or Happiness.

Old Ape. Then, thou shalt have her, *Charles*—here, take her, Boy, take her.

Sci. Why, you won't ravish my Daughter from me, will you, Sir?

Old Ape. Not ravish her!—yes but he shall—for I'll give him this Moment Two Thousand Pounds a Year—and I think that's enough to ravish any Body's Daughter.

Sci. I must acknowledge, Sir, your Offer has a considerable Attraction--- but I have already betroth'd her to a Friend of this Gentleman's, without whose Consent---

Haugh. True Madam, true--- Consent--- No, I shall never consent to that--- I insist on her for my Friend--- But what does this Fellow do here?

Enter Officer.

Offi. By your Leave, Gentlemen, is there not one Mr. *Haughty* here?

Haugh. Yes, Sir, there is--- and not so small, but that he may be seen too; my Name, Sir, is *Haughty*.

Offi. Then I arrest you, Sir, by the *Vice-Chancellor's* Warrant, for Perjury.

Haugh. Ods-bud! what does the Scoundrel mean?

Offi. You'll soon find my Meaning, Sir--- (come in there.)

Enter Wife to Haughty.

Haugh. Fire and Brimstone! I am ruin'd and betray'd.

Wife. Oh Husband! was not you a base Fellow, to make me conceal our Marriage, under Pretence of securing your Fellowship-- only that you might have the Opportunity of following other Women! but I heard of your Tricks, and have put a Stop to 'em now, I hope.

Comm. Here's a Storm, I perceive, approaching--- therefore I had best make to Shelter, to save my self at scowring,

Off. Stay, Sir, you must go along with me, if you please, to answer for acting in a Habit that does not belong to you.

Conun. *Nemo Mortalium omnibus Horis sapit.*

Sci. Ruin'd and undone!--- Oh *Victoria*--- I was this Morning (deluded by his fair Appearance) marry'd to that Prince of Villains--- Oh! *[She faints.]*

Wife. Art thou then married to another? *[Weeps.]*

Haugh. Pr'ythee, Officer, lead along, for my Ears won't suffer half so much in the Pillory, as they do here. (*Exeunt Haughty, Conundrum, Officer and Wife.*)

Gain. Come, Madam, as it appears he had a Wife before, and you was married by one who had no Authority to do it, you are entirely clear from him---therefore be compos'd _____

Sci. I am indebted to you, Sir, for your kind Consolation--tho' I must confess, I merit not the least Compassion---I am justly made a Fool of, for aiming to be a Philosopher---I ought to suffer like *Phaeton*, for affecting to move into a *Sphere* that did not belong to me.

Gain. Why, People of either Sex, Madam, are generally imposed on, when they concern themselves with what is properly the Business of the other. The Dressing-Room; not the Study, is the Lady's Province---and a Woman makes as ridiculous a Figure, poring over Globes, or thro' a Telescope, as a Man would with a Pair of *Preservers* mending Lace.

Sci. You speak, Sir, like an Oracle. I have Demonstration of my Error, and will incontinently renounce it---I will destroy all my Globes, *Quadrants*, *Spheres*, *Prisms*, *Microscopes*, and *Magick-Lanthorns*---I'll throw out all my Lumber of *Load-stones*, *Pebbles*, and *Petrified Shells*, to pave my Door---I'll convert my *Air-Pump* into a *Water-Pump*, send all my *Serpent's Teeth*, *Mummy's-Bones*, and monstrous Births, to the *Oxford Museum*, for the Entertainment of other as ridiculous Fools as my self; and then I will immediately fly from this abominable Place---But stay, let me first do one thing here, which may make up, in some measure, for the many Follies I have committed---Come here, Daughter; I'll now join your Hands my self, and pray your kind Stars

Pro.

Predominate and shed their most *benign Influence* on this happy *Conjunction*. [*Giving Victoria's Hand to Gainlove.*]
Gain. Thus, thus, with double *Ecstasy* I take it.

Vitt. And I with double *Satisfaction* give it.

Old Ape. And I---and I--Gadsbudakins! I don't know what to do---I'll have a Dance, tho' I should be laid up with the Gout for a Twelve-month after. Where are the Fiddlers? gads my Life, I'll run and call 'em my self-- But here's another Couple coming, that look as if they could dance too.

Enter Trumore and Clarinda.

Tru. Dear *Charles*, with me Joy---and you Ladies---all, all must Congratulate me; for this Lady, at last, has rewarded my Constancy, and crown'd my Love.

Vitt. And may I then give you Joy on this Account, my Dear?

Cl. Why ay, my Dear; don't you plainly perceive that you may?---has not Matrimony made a visible Alteration in our Features? don't we look as if we were half ashamed of one another already?

Vitt. No, no, my Dear, it agrees extremely well with your Complexion.

Cl. Why, so methinks it does with yours too---for you must know, I have over-heard all that's past, and congratulate you on the same.

Tru. And, dear *Charles*, I do the like to thee.

Old Ape. So, so! Why now all Parties are pleas'd to hope, and therefore, Fiddlers, strike up.

[*After the Dance, Gainlove and Victoria come forwards.*]

Gain. And now, dear, *Victoria*, to you I not only owe my Happiness; but the Sense of it likewise. I us'd to look on Matrimony (from whence I now date my Birth of Pleasure) as the Grave of it: Expecting no other Charms in a Woman, but what were Personal, which I concluded must soon grow tasteless by Enjoyment, I thought it the utmost Misfortune to have always before one, a thing one was surfeited with---but you have made me a Convert from my false Judgment of your Sex---I have here found those lasting Beauties of the Mind, which can never give Satiety.

Tho' Wit and Youth and Beauty fade away,

The Charms of Virtue never will decay.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Miss ROBINSON.

OUR Oxford Bard, an humble Youth—you see,
Has chose an humble Advocate in me:
An Emblem, he would tell you, of his Merit;
But, 'saith, you'll find I have a swinging Spirit!
And tho' I want a Woman's Airs and Stature,
I have a double Share of their Ill-nature.

First, Criticks, then, for you—D'ye like this Play?
O wond'rous well! your sneering Faces say;
To please our Taste, that Author ne'er can fail,
Who gives us such a World of Room to—Rail.
But hold, Sirs, you're excepted, I assure ye,
As Butchers are from sitting on a Fury.

Next in the Rank I see the Beaux appearing,
Triflers---who, tho' they look so very taring,
Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red Herring. }
A Bean is such a supple well-bred Creature,
He han't one Manly contradictting Feature.
Just as the Ladies do---why so do they,
Whisper---take Snuff---applaud---or damn the Play;
Nay, they're so like 'em too in more Respects,
I question if they differ in the ---Sex.

Last, but not least of the tremendous Train,
Are those who've wrote themselves, but wrote in vain;
And since they fail'd as Poets to prevail,
Usurp the Criticks Privilege, to rail:
Well, they may rail---our Author's only Care,
Is to divert---the Brave, the Wise, the Fair:
To their Protection he submits his Cause,
And fears no Frowns, if grac'd with their Applause.

A SONG sung by Mr. HARPER, in
the Fourth Act.

Come, come, come let us drink;
And give a Loose to Pleasure;
Fill, fill, fill to the Brink,
We know no other Measure.
What else have we to do,
In this our easie Station;
But what we please pursue,
And drink to our Foundation?

What Class in Life, tho' ne'er so great,
With a good Fellowship can compare?
We still dream on at our old rate,
Without perplexing Care.
Whilst those of Business, when oppress'd,
Lye down with Thoughts that break their Rest;
And then, then, then,
Rise to toil and slave again.
An easier Round of Life we keep,
We eat, we drink, we smoak, we sleep;
And then, then, then,
Rise and do the same again.

A SONG Sung by Miss RAFTOR in
the Fourth Act.

I.

AS Archers and Fiddlers, who cunningly know
The Way to procure themselves Merit,
Will always provide 'em two Strings to their Bow,
And follow their Business with Spirit:

II.

So likewise the provident Damsel should do,
Who'd make the best Use of her Beauty;
If the Mark she would hit, or her Lesson play thro',
Two Lovers must still be on Duty.

III.

Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure of Supply,
So far our Revenge we may carry:
One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and set by,
And t'other---poor Soul---we may marry.

F I N I S.

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